The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1914.

Summary of the News

We comment elsewhere on the naval and military developments in the European war. Politically the most important development is the threatened intervention of Turkey. Ottoman intentions have been under suspicion ever since the German cruisers Goeben and Breslau were afforded the protection of the Dardanelles and were immediately purchased by Turkey. The persistent wooing of Turkey by the Kaiser during the past decade has also been remembered. Dispatches received on Sunday and Monday pointed to the probability of Turkish intervention and reported the movement of a number of German officers and men to Constantinople. On Tuesday a telegram from Berlin by way of Rome announced the mobilization of a Turkish army of 200,000 men, all Mohammedans, and stated that seventy-two superior German officers, forming the German military commission at Constantinople, had been incorporated in the Turkish army.

Up to the time of writing, no declaration of war has been made, but it seems certain that one is expected in England. The hope of the Kaiser in allying himself with Turkey is frankly that it may cause disaffection of the Mohammedan subjects of England. Whether this will be the result or not, it is extremely probable that Turkey's participation in the war on the German side will have the effect of restoring the original Balkan League and ranging those states on the side of the Entente. It seems also to be probable that Italy's attitude of neutrality may be modified, as she has everything to lose and nothing to gain by the success of Turkey, Austria, and Germany in the war. Greece, beyond any doubt, will enter the conflict on the side of the Allies, should Turkey ally herself with Germany.

It is understood that, although no formal protest has been lodged at Washington, Great Britain has joined with France in presenting views regarding the proposal to purchase German liners in connection with the plan to build up an American mercantile marine. The view taken by France is that the purchase of German liners now tied up in the ports of this country would be tantamount to giving financial assistance to Germany, while England's position is that there is no precedent in international law for the purchase of a large number of ships belonging to a belligerent nation during war.

It is not unlikely that a full settlement of the difficulties concerning wireless messages in code sent from this country to any of the belligerents in Europe will soon be reached. Dispatches from Washington, published on Monday, stated that both England and Germany have accepted the proposal of the United States that the wireless stations at Tuckerton, N. J., and Sayville, L. I., be permitted to send code messages to belligerent countries, subject to censorship by American naval officers.

The Administration bill to create a Federal bureau of marine insurance against war risk was passed by the House on August 29, by a vote of 230 to 58.

For fear lest additional restrictions on shipping during the present crisis should handicap the efforts that are being made to encourage the building up of a merchant marine, the Seaman's bill, revising regulations of service on American ships, has been sidetracked in the Senate.

Senator Reed's amendment to the Clayton Anti-Trust bill, to prohibit absolutely one interstate corporation owning stock in another interstate corporation engaged in the same line of business, was defeated in the Senate on Monday. The bill as it stands only prohibits such ownership "where the effect of such acquisition is to eliminate or substantally lessen competition."

A Democratic conference will be held to determine a definite programme for Congress in meeting the emergency caused by the war. The scope of the revenue measure to offset the decrease in customs receipts will be decided, and it is understood that some phases of the situation in the Far East, growing out of Japan's participation in the war, may be discussed.

Viscount Chinda, Japanese Ambassador, on Thursday of last week issued an explicit denial of reports that had obtained currency as a result of the declaration of war by Austria, that Japan contemplated sending a squadron to the Adriatic. There was no inducement, the Ambassador said, for Japan to embroil herself in the European war in Europe itself.

Rumor continues to be busy in Mexico, and, as heretofore, is occupied principally with the differences between Villa and Carranza. There were even reports on Monday from Vera Cruz, of old a suspicious source, that several ex-Federal generals were ready to throw in their lot with Villa in raising a new revolution against Carranza. Such reports, however, need not be taken very seriously. Villa's attitude apparently is simply that Carranza is Provisional President, and according to the Constitution is not eligible for election as President. Meanwhile, Gen. Villa and Gen. Obregon have been devoting their efforts towards obtaining a settlement among the local factions in Sonora and their adherence to the central Government. An agreement has also been reached between Zapata and Provisional President Carranza, the cessation of guerrilla warfare in southern Mexico being thus secured.

More serious, perhaps, than the possibility of disputes arising between Villa and Carranza is the attitude of the latter towards the continued occupation of Vera Cruz by forces of the United States. The Administration, however, is understood to view the situation without anxiety, and on Monday a denial was issued of reports that Gen. Funston had asked for more troops. On the same day it was announced that Carranza had ordered the port of Vera Cruz closed, but State Department officials do not attach undue importance to the order. Two weeks ago traffic was discontinued between Vera Cruz and Mexico City, the explanation being given that the interruption was due to the transportation of troops south of Mexico City. Traffic was restored on Gen. Funston's informing the Provisional President that if the suspension was to be permanent he proposed to seize all the rolling stock in Vera Cruz and hold it until traffic was resumed.

Relief work for Americans stranded in Europe has reached its concluding stages. The gold taken to Europe on the Tennessee has been distributed, and reports from American diplomatic officials in European capitals and large towns indicate that most Americans have already left, or are about to leave.

Santo Domingo, whose troubles have been somewhat obscured by other events, appears to be on the way to a peaceful settlement of its affairs. President Bordas, it was announced last week, has undertaken to resign, and leaders of all elements have agreed to disarm their followers and to release political prisoners. Bordas will be succeeded by Ramon Baez as Provisional President, who will conduct elections.

The French Cabinet, admittedly one of mediocrities and intended only as a stop-gap Government, resigned on August 26, M. Viviani, the Premier, informing M. Poincaré that he and his colleagues had come to the conclusion that in the present crisis the Ministry should have a wider scope, and comprise all the best men in all the Republican groups. The President requested M. Viviani to assume the task of organizing the new Cabinet, which was completed within an hour of the acceptance of the resignations. In the Cabinet, as at present constituted, M. Delcassé is Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Millerand, Minister of War. It also includes MM. Briand, Ribot, and Doumergue, all ex-Premiers, and two Socialist Deputies, M. Sembat and M. Guesde.

An interesting forecast of what may be expected to happen in the final settlement after the war, should the Allies prove victorious, has been seen during the past week in sundry skirmishes that have taken place on the outskirts of empires. Early last week it was officially announced in London that German Togoland had surrendered unconditionally to the British West African forces, and on Sunday a dispatch was received by the British Colonial Secretary from the Governor of New Zealand stating that Apia, in German Samoa, had surrendered on the previous day to an expeditionary force sent by the Government of New Zealand. On the other hand, news was received by way of Paris on Friday of last week that an attack on the Belgian Congo had been made by German troops.

The deaths of the week include: Gen. Powell Clayton, August 25; Baron Merthyr, Brig.-Gen. Philip H. Briggs, August 27; Charles Truman Hotchkiss, August 28; Bishop Robert McIntyre, William De H. Washington, August 30.

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The Week

How thin is the veneer of our civilization now appears with every newspaper issue containing dispatches from the front. They are full of charges and counter-charges of atrocities. Thus, besides the familiar accusations that the Germans are killing priests, women, and children, we are asked to believe that Belgians have dragged German women naked through the streets by the hair of their heads; that a Belgian boy killed in cold blood the commander of the Germans in Louvain; that the Austrians killed twenty young girls in a single house, besides executing sixty Servian prisoners in one place and mutilating dead bodies elsewhere. From Germany come stories of Russian atrocities in East Prussia, and shortly we shall have, without doubt, word from Austria of the horrible Servian barbarities and the excesses of the Cossacks in Galicia. But the Germans, it is urged, are carrying on an inhuman war. Undoubtedly; but so are all the others. There is no such thing as humane war. No war ever was that did not drag down women and children, in Europe usually by the thousands. Never was there a war in which an enemy was not accused of atrocities. All this is, of course, quite apart from such acts as the razing of Louvain, upon which we comment elsewhere.

The news that both France and Great Britain have protested against American purchase and use of German ships is another reason why the Administration should go slowly with its programme of a Government-owned merchant marine. Moreover, it is announced that the President will so modify the present laws under the recent authorization of Congress that no less than 200 ships will at once be transferred to the American flag. If this large number should become neutral, or anything like it, a long step would have been taken towards meeting the existing crisis. Meanwhile, the regularity of the ocean traffic to France and England is rapidly being restored. After all, what the President must take into consideration is that merely supplying ships will not create the traffic; that we cannot even do a large business with South America until the machinery of exchange is restored. And then there is the consideration that if the Government embarks in the business of ocean transportation every advocate of Government ownership of railways will have placed in his hands powerful arguments for what seems to us a most dangerous policy.

Whatever the objective importance may be of the loss inflicted upon the German navy off Heligoland last Friday, the moral effect at home of the British fleet's successful achievement must, in this hour of deepest trial, be of inestimable value to England. News from the Franco-Belgian border has been little more than that of a continuous series of disappointments and setbacks. The character of that news, too, has had its effect greatly intensified by the extreme scantiness of the information given out. It has been urged very strongly in the English press that such failure to keep the public in touch with events at the front must exercise a highly discouraging influence on the voluntary enlistments upon which the British War Office depends for its campaign. The victory of Rear-Admiral Sir David Beatty is now on every Briton's tongue, and, little or big, is worth many a battalion of fighting men.

On a battle line where four million men may soon be engaged, England's contribution of 100,000 men could hardly affect the general course of events. But England's expeditionary force was a pledge of honor, a notification to the world that she would see the fight out to the last. The British Government might have contented itself with war on the sea. But in the minds of Frenchmen it would have raised the fear that England was indifferent to what happened on the Continent. To-day the legend of perfidious Albion is dead. By taking up the gage of battle on land, England has bound herself to meet the enemy on his chosen ground. Her task has been made immensely more difficult. England on the sea alone could have waged that prolonged war which Germany cannot afford to face, could have waited with the utmost patience for the advance of the Russian armies. But she has chosen to assume the heavy handicap of a land campaign against the Kaiser's armies to be carried on even on the desperate supposition that the French resistance utterly collapses. The Entente with France has been observed with magnificent loyalty.

Sir Edward Grey has a convincing reply to the charge made in an official German publication that Great Britain might have averted the present conflict if she had exerted her influence to keep France neutral. The British Foreign Minister points out the misapprehension into which the German Ambassador at London had fallen. In case of a war between Austria and Russia, Sir Edward had expressed the hope that it would be possible to keep France neutral. And from the published English correspondence we know that Great Britain had pledged herself to exercise the very strongest pressure at Paris, in case the war was so localized. But the German Ambassador's proposal was that France should remain neutral if Germany, as well as Austria, went to war with Russia. This the English Foreign Secretary had rejected. The German Foreign Office must have been aware that the proposition was impossible. The Russian alliance has been the keystone of French policy for twenty years. For France to abandon her ally would be to condemn herself to isolation and to submit once for all to German leadership. It would have been France's abdication as a great Power. That the statesmen at Berlin seriously expected such a surrender by France is incredible.

Despite Bourassa in Quebec and Hertzog in South Africa, no one doubted the zealous patriotism of the Anglo-Saxon Dominions in the present crisis; the spirit of India may have surprised a few who exaggerated the unmistakable elements both of "loyal unrest" and "disloyal unrest." But the reported passage of Imperial Service contingents across Canada is that of a branch which had its origin in native loyalty during the Russian scare of 1885. Recruited from thirty native states, the full force numbers 25,000 men, under regular inspection and drill by British officers. English papers also report "the offer by every important chief of his entire military and financial resources," and "great meetings in the large centres to raise funds"; there is no doubt that India is a very real asset. Yet the employment of Indian native troops may be regarded as another evidence of the seriousness with which the home government regards the conflict. They were kept out of the South African war for special reasons, and it is not impossible that their presence in Europe may raise questions of international usage. But not without cause would the English give their enemies in India a chance to whisper to the ignorant masses an exaggerated account of the dependence of the Empire upon Sepoy prowess. The assistance of Indian troops, it should be pointed out, may be indirect as well as direct, for their transportation to Egypt, Cyprus, and Malta would release British regiments. In 1878 Disraeli actually brought a small force to the latter island.

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A French Ministry of all talents and all factions has been organized in this hour of great emergency. The emphasis must be laid rather on the union of talents than of factions. That the country is united in face of the enemy was made manifest in the Chamber of Deputies from the moment when war became a certainty. The inclusion in the new Cabinet of so extreme a representative of Socialist opposition as Jules Guesde is, to be sure, a reaffirmation of national unity. The make-up of the new Cabinet indicates that France has called into her councils her best-tried and her most energetic public men; men of the type of Ribot, Briand, and Millerand. The last takes over the war portfolio, which he has held before and with conspicuous ability. He replaces Messimy, whose removal must be taken as a judgment of inefficiency and in line with the reported disgrace of a commanding general in the field for unsoldierly behavior in face of the enemy. Three members of the Cabinet have been themselves at the head of the Government. Out of the circle of new French Ministers will a second Gambetta arise if the need for one should confront France? The men who dominate great crises have a way of appearing out of comparative obscurity. Yet in France to-day men's minds must turn to the hope that the man will appear who will atone for the nation's numerical inferiority to her enemy. It is a hope which we see reflected in the new regulations issued at the Paris War Office, suspending promotion by seniority. Somewhere in the lower ranks of the army command may be hidden a youth with the spark of genius. The country is now seeing to it that his way shall not be blocked.

News from Mexico City continues to be of a cheering nature. The reopening of the National Bank of Mexico, and of other important banks, is both a fresh sign of returning tranquillity and security and a powerful direct influence in the toning up both of business and of public sentiment. In these days of gloom and apprehension, with the skies black over all Europe, and hopes of anything like a speedy termination of the great war completely abandoned, it is peculiarly grateful to dwell on the bettered conditions in the troubled land upon our own borders. Were we not so preoccupied with the giant struggle across the Atlantic, our thoughts would be centred in these days upon the wonderfully propitious outcome of President Wilson's firm and patient policy towards Mexico, the success of which was so long scouted as an impossibility by so large a part of the American public and regarded as highly doubtful by many of Mr. Wilson's most hearty supporters and admirers. It is quite in keeping with the quiet immovability of the President in his pursuance of the "watchful waiting" policy, that not a word has been heard from him in the way of comment on its triumphant vindication. Mr. Wilson appears to have a fixed habit of letting things of this kind speak for themselves.

The Federal investigation has not thus far brought out anything sensational in the matter of the high prices of provisions. It is very probable that the institution of investigations of this kind has had a salutary effect in preventing various schemes of extortion; but, however this may be, it does not seem likely that they will result in the unearthing of any large or formidable conspiracies actually operative in the raising of food prices. The existence of great corporations or combinations practically controlling the chief sources of supply doubtless does add something to the burdens of the consumer, and it will be of great public interest to learn the nature and extent of such evils, as they may be exhibited in the ultimate findings of Federal and local investigators. But the impression gained from such fragmentary evidences as appear in the press in the course of the hearings is that the enhancement of prices is in the main such as would naturally come from the conditions of supply and demand if no such combinations or corporations existed. In this connection it is especially interesting to note in the present extraordinary situation—as it was in the less abnormal, but still unusual, situation that existed before the war began—that men in a position to know state without hesitation that, high as are the prices of articles which have been put on the free list by the present tariff, these prices would have been still higher had the tariff tax not been removed. Thus Mr. Benjamin, representing the San Salina Company, importers of Argentine beef, nearly all of whose imports go to independent dealers, "said that it was true that the importations from Argentina have not reduced the prices of meat, but he said they had kept the prices down." To keep the price down, as compared with what it would be if the imports were kept out, is all that can be expected of the breaking down of tariff bars, and there is no reason to doubt that this result has been effected.

It is little more than a month ago that the trouble in Santo Domingo became so serious that a considerable body of marines was dispatched to Guantánamo. Now it is reassuring to learn that, thanks in part to peace commissioners sent by President Wilson, active interference is unnecessary. Dispatches state that *pourparlers* are in progress between President Bordas and his Southern supporters and the northern adherents of Gen. Velasquez, and that both factions realize the great havoc entailed by the war. One reason for its subsidence is the pressure of economic need, the crops having been laid waste. Another is the European conflict, the reiterated protests of Germany, France, and England having heretofore maintained hopes on each side for American intervention. As in Mexico, a provisional Presidency is expected to pave the way to a general election, and the fact that there are representative Dominicans in each party assures a responsible abiding of the issue. If the President's work succeeds, it will afford an interesting comparison with the Rooseveltian stroke which a decade ago made us collector of Dominican customs. It is to be hoped that Santo Domingo may become a standing illustration of the wisdom of the policy of letting each republic settle its own affairs, or at least merely helping it to help itself.

The President's veto of a bill to reverse the action of an army examining board, while not of tremendous importance in itself, is significant as showing the attitude of the White House towards Congressional interference in matters of discipline. The case was that of a former captain in the medical corps who had been honorably discharged, but desired to be reinstated and to be allowed to take an examination for promotion to the rank of major. The traditional course in such cases, as in those in which students have been dismissed from West Point, is to appeal from the military authorities who have jurisdiction over such matters to the politicians. Army examining boards and superintendents of military academies are apt to be influenced by a sense of the value of impartial enforcement of rules and regulations, from which many members of Congress are free. But the President, following the example of some of his predecessors, stands with the disciplinarians. Here again one sees the hand of the schoolmaster. Incidentally, the way in which he has disciplined Congress is indicated by the reference in the newspapers to this veto as his first.

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While those who have thought last winter's movement in Congress for national prohibition by Constitutional amendment a spasmodic one, locally engineered, may have been in part right, the events of the past week should warn them against over-confidence. Both the Republican and Democratic State Conventions in Kansas endorsed it, and instructed their Congressional candidates to pledge themselves in support of it, while in Missouri the same step was taken by the Progressives, and the Democratic Convention was kept non-committal only by the vigorous efforts of Senator Stone. Even in Ohio, it is now perfectly evident, the topic is sure to have serious discussion. Party exigencies may account for some of the State endorsements given or looked upon as probable, and the general confusion of the merits of national, State, and local prohibition may disappear with a closer facing of the question. But, while the matter may not yet be politically alarming, or seem likely to be, it is one that should concern those interested in a sound public opinion on the subject.

The latest roll-call of the House showed how great was the justification of revoking all leaves of absence, and cutting off the salaries of those who fail to return; and every one interested in the dispatch of national business must hope that the measure will be effective. Twenty-seven of the 43 New York members were absent; 8 of Massachusetts, that State having been conspicuous for its absentees; and the entire delegation of Maine. In the case of Pacific Coast members irritation at their desertion has been expressed at home, and one Oregon Congressman — Representative Lafferty — faces a strong opposition on that single account. If such a sentiment could be widely cultivated, it would be the most effective means of combating the evil. In the present close union between party systems and representative government, something may be said even for the abstract right of Congressmen to return to the primary firing line. The Republicans are inclined to blame Southern members for the resolution, and their sudden zeal may be impugned by the fact that their primaries are now over. But the difficulty in procuring a quorum was growing intolerable; no one doubted that many absentees had not a shred of excuse; and the time had come to exert a power which had grown lax only because the honor of members was trusted.

In a time of such world-wide tragedy, we should all be grateful to any one who gives us cause for a hearty laugh. Hence the thanks of the public should go to the Republican minority of the House Committee on Insular Affairs, who, without batting an eyelid, solemnly assure us that it is necessary to sidetrack the whole question of Philippine independence because of the war in Europe! The reason for this is plain to see: if we should now grant to the Filipinos the mild advances towards autonomy provided for in the bill—advances by no means satisfactory to the Filipinos or their delegate, Mr. Quezon—the Japanese would at once be encouraged to seize the islands, now that they are besieging Kiao-chau. If such utter nonsense could be taken seriously, it would but be proof of how unsettled men's minds have become by reason of the unprecedented state of affairs abroad. As a matter of fact, it only shows how hard-pressed the Republicans are for some sort of argument with which to combat this perfectly reasonable proposal to grant a wider measure of self-government to the Philippines, in accordance with Republican pledges that "some day" the islands shall be set free entirely. If the war had not come, this humorous Republican minority would have found some other reason. If not a Japanese bogey, a German one; if not a German one, some other solemn nonsense. People who like to govern others without their consent can always produce reason for their tyranny.

The "unofficial" Democratic State Convention at Saratoga merely said ditto to the Republicans, in the matter of procedure. That is to say, it adopted a platform, listened to speeches, nominated delegates-at-large for the Constitutional Convention, but expressed not even a preference as to candidates for Governor and United States Senator. Judge Herrick had vowed that he should demand some expression of opinion, at least on the Governorship, from the gathering, but found the sentimennt against such a course so overwhelming that he desisted. All hands, even the bosses and sub-bosses present, were for sacredly respecting the right of the voters to make their own nominations in the direct primary at the end of this month. The Democratic leaders talked as gravely as the Colonel himself now does about confiding in the wisdom of the people. But they, as well as he, we fancy, will be doing something to aid the people to come to a wise decision—meaning a decision agreeable to them—before September 28 arrives.

Publication in Philadelphia of the catalogue of the library of Lieut.-Col. John Nicholson, recorder-in-chief of the Loyal Legion of the United States, has roused civic pride in a unique collection of 15,000 volumes. "There is a feeling," according to the *Dial*, "that it should not, like the famous Lambert collection, be suffered to pass eventually under the auctioneer's hammer, but should be acquired by the city and preserved in a suitable manner." Such preservation must be hoped for by every one interested in Civil War literature. Nearly every important work is extended by the insertion of autograph letters, rare plates, maps, and illustrative material. Notes and communications by Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Thomas, McClellan, Pope, and McDowell, and by the Confederate commanders, are endless; while there are such original MSS. as of one of the Comte de Paris's volumes and Buell's notes on Shiloh. Various documents enlarge Sheridan's memoirs, in a presentation copy, to four volumes, and Sherman's to eight. The library is justly called priceless to students of the war, and it should be an event to more than the general public of Philadelphia to find that it exists. A collection thus made by a private individual and a military order is a public service.

Mr. R. Norris Williams's victory over Maurice McLoughlin in straight sets on Tuesday was one of the greatest surprises in a year full of athletic sensations. For two years Mr. McLoughlin's supremacy has been easily maintained, and with him that of the California school of tennis players. Each year the Western invasion of the East has brought forth one or more stars until we have almost come to believe that anybody from the Pacific Coast was a new conqueror of the courts. But Mr. Williams has shown consistently fine form throughout the season, even though defeated by Brookes and Wilding. His headwork on Tuesday was unsurpassed; even his critics admit that he is the best stroke player in America, now that Mr. Larned's career is practically ended. He readily found McLoughlin's weak spot—his low backhand—and passed him there with his winning stroke, as with many others. McLoughlin's wonderful serve retained its power to the end, but in this case did not avail him sufficiently to overcome the deadly placing of his young opponent. Indeed, Mr. Williams is one of the youngest men ever to hold the championship; he is still an undergraduate at Harvard, as was Robert D. Wrenn when he earned the title.

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THE DESTRUCTION OF LOUVAIN.

Last Friday, there was received at the German Embassy at Washington a wireless dispatch from Berlin containing the following statement:

> Civilians of the Belgian town of Louvain made a perfidious attack on German troops while fighting. Louvain was punished by the destruction of the city.

The news of this act of awful devastation has aroused throughout the world a feeling of indignation and abhorrence such as has been caused by no other event of the war. Whether the facts fully justify the meaning that was attached to the statement is at this moment doubtful; several reports, from impartial or even hostile sources, indicate the possibility that one, or perhaps both, of the two most precious architectural monuments of the beautiful mediæval city—the Hôtel de Ville and the Cathedral—were spared by the German conquerors. If this shall prove to be true, it will mitigate in no small measure the wrathful judgment which the whole civilized world has been passing on the act, though the deed will still remain a deep stain on the German name.

On the day after the news of Louvain's destruction came, the New York *Evening Post* spoke of it as "on its face an appalling act of vandalism and ferocious cruelty," and expressed the earnest hope that the German Government might find it possible "to throw off, either by explanation of the deed or by punishment for those who committed it, the fearful burden of guilt which otherwise will attach to that Government and to the German nation." It is now nearly a week since the event, and nothing of the kind has been forthcoming. So far from disavowing the act, or punishing its perpetrators, all that is said by representatives of, or spokesmen for, the German Government, is in justification of the deed as a necessity of war. Not a word has been heard that modifies the original statement on the subject in the Berlin dispatch to the German Embassy. The world is therefore compelled to believe that the beautiful little mediæval town, the site of some of the most wonderful monuments of architecture and art that have been preserved through the centuries, and the seat of one of the most venerable of the historic universities of Europe, was deliberately given over to destruction as a punishment for the acts of individuals who had violated the laws of war. How terrible and instant was the punishment of those individuals themselves, we say nothing about; however far the Germans may have gone in that direction, they were but carrying out—with perhaps more, perhaps less, ruthlessness than is common—the dire prescriptions imposed by the necessities of war. But the burning of the city, the destruction of the homes, and the treasures, private and public, of all the people as a punishment for the acts of some of them—this is not an act of lawful war, unless lawful war includes terrorism, pure and simple—terrorism unrestrained by any consideration—as one of its legitimate resources.

The burning of Louvain, as a punitive measure expressly ordered by the military authorities, stands out in an entirely different category from the sporadic acts of cruelty and savagery which occur in all wars and are committed by the soldiers of all nations. In this matter of Louvain, one excuse put forward on behalf of the German commander is that Belgians had been guilty of such inhuman atrocities that nothing less than the wiping out of such a city would suffice to teach them the lesson they needed. But all this melancholy business of pitting tale against tale is utterly futile as well as mischievous. Neither Belgians nor Germans are fiends that love to kill women and children; and the unquestioned cruelties of war are quite enough to engage our minds without raking up here and there some abnormal horror which if true is not typical, which it is ten to one is not true, and which at best can only serve to inflame murderous thoughts of revenge. If we dwell as we do on the crime of Louvain, it is because its significance lies in the revelation not of any horrible savagery of nature, but of the character of that militarism which dominates the councils of the Kaiser and of the German imperialist bureaucracy.

To say that in those circles imperialist militarism has become a religion is to put the case too mildly; no religion of the Western world in our time has laid upon its followers a hold like that. Of the German militarist cult, the very essence is the absolute supremacy of its claims over all other human considerations whatsoever. It is this which accounts for the unhesitating and unqualified support given by the Kaiser's Government to the Austrian ultimatum to Servia; that this could mean nothing less than the monstrous war into which the world has been plunged was as clear as noonday, but the appalling responsibility did not stay the Kaiser's hand, nor swerve him from his position by a hair's breadth. And the rest is all of a piece. He who wills the end wills the means, is an old maxim; but rarely has it been applied with the machine-like consistency exemplified by the German military autocracy. Louvain is only Zabern writ large; the finger-print of the militarist, with his ruthless motto of Thorough, is on the one as plainly as on the other. It is the profound realization of this fact which, above all other things, accounts for the almost utter absence of sympathy with Germany in this conflict; and it can but be with deep sorrow that the humane and liberal elements in the German nation view the aggravation of this state of things by such an act as that at Louvain. We can only pray for a hastening of the day when all that is best in the German people will reassert itself as of old, and when the long reign of an arrogant and ruthless military caste will be looked back to by the countrymen of Schiller and Goethe as a nightmare that never can return.

WAR AND RELIGION.

Several correspondents have written to ask that the *Nation* protest against what they deem the offensively "pious" tone of the German Emperor in announcing victories. But this is only the traditional German way; and it is not for us to say that it is insincere. The Germans, both in war and peace, make much more free with "Gott" than our conventions allow us to do with "God." In 1870 King William, in his telegrams to Queen Augusta, was eminently devout. Some of the phrases which he used grated on American ears and led to various parodies in the press, one of the best known of them ending:

> Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below,
> Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

It is idle to quarrel with national customs or with Hohenzollern habits, even if their effect does sometimes seem almost sacrilegious to the simple-minded who, with Hosea Biglow, "kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage." How easy it is to fall into a repellent excess of piety about war is shown by Mr. George Sylvester Viereck. He has a poem in *The Fatherland* in which he does not hesitate to speak of "the shining mail of him [the Kaiser] who leads God's hosts," and to assure his readers:

> The Red Czar's blight shall never fall
> Upon the earth, nor freedom pale,
> While the white blade of Parzival
> Still guards the Teuton's Holy Grail.

On this we make no comment.

From of old satirists have found a theme, and poets and prophets a text, in the powerlessness of religion to prevent the barbarism of war. It is a melancholy subject.

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Nominally Christian nations must often pray and take the name of God upon their lips at the time when they are trampling upon Christian principles in waging war. Either side is ready with its *Te Deum* in the moment of triumph, which means slaughter and misery. Both sides, on their own admission, cannot have the Lord with them, yet both insist that they have. It is a spectacle of mortal inconsistency and weakness at which, one might well believe in the bold Hebrew imagery, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." On this whole mystery, or, as some would say, mockery of the co-existence of war and religion, of men created in the image of God killing one another in the name of God, no one has written with a greater wrestling of spirit, yet withal in the most long-suffering charity, than Abraham Lincoln. It is well to cite again to-day the often-cited words of his immortal Second Inaugural:

> Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered.

We cannot all be as great-souled as Lincoln, but we can at least strive after something of his philosophic and considerate attitude on this question of war and religion. One point can be made with confidence. Churches and Christians have no direct power to prevent a war. Some grieving people appear to think that the Pope or the bishops or the authorities of the great Christian denominations should have somehow laid an interdict upon the monarchs and diplomats and Parliaments, and forbidden them to go to war. But, saying nothing of practical difficulties, this is to overlook one teaching of the Church, which is obedience to the powers that be. The duty of allegiance, and of submission to the constituted civil authorities, may be terribly abused by unscrupulous rulers, but it is a duty, and a religious duty, nevertheless. Religion is, after all, within the state. If the state were destroyed, the first thing that religion would have to do, when it emerged from the caves where it had taken refuge, would be to reconstitute it, and make some sort of civil society possible again, so that the practices of religion could be restored. All this must be borne in mind, and should operate as a stay of condemnation upon soldiers who go about the devil's work, as we cannot help thinking it, calling upon God for help. They may be conscious only of doing their civic and patriotic duty. The real place for reprobation to strike is higher than the armies—upon the rulers who needlessly and therefore wickedly launch the armies upon their work of destruction and inhumanity.

Thus it is that it seems to us hasty to pronounce this awful and desolating war the collapse of Christianity. Clergymen have, in their first feeling of profound dejection and discouragement, so spoken of it. With their general position that such a war appears to make Christian civilization look farcical, few can fail to sympathize; but we must discriminate. Christianity has not utterly broken down. Religion has not ceased to be a powerful motive in the hearts of men. But a horrible situation has brought millions of men and women into a state of confusion and perplexity, as regards their relation to their country and their God; and out of this has arisen the seeming willingness to drag Providence into the carnage, which has shocked many a tender conscience. It is for religious men to bide God's good time, assured that, in the end, we shall see that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

TRUSTS AND PUBLIC WELFARE.

The impending passage of the Clayton Anti-Trust bill gives a timely interest to the concluding instalment of the discussion of "The Trust Problem," by E. Dana Durand, late Director of the Census, which appears in the August issue of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*. Whatever the Clayton bill may be in detail, it is in essential purpose a reaffirmation of the Sherman Anti-Trust act. Whether it was wise or unwise thus to supplement the broad provisions of that act, whether expedient or inexpedient to inject this new element into our political and economic situation at the present time, are questions on which there is much room for controversy; but it may be said with a very near approach to entire accuracy that, whether well conceived or not, the idea behind the bill is precisely the same as that behind the act of 1890—namely, the idea that monopoly must be prevented or suppressed, as against the idea that it should be permitted, either with or without Government regulation. There was a long series of years during which this idea appeared to be sadly discredited. Within the past five or six years, however, there has been a most remarkable change in the temper of general opinion on the whole subject, and it is the voice of the critic of monopoly, not of its champion, which is dominant in public discussion.

Mr. Durand's position is perfectly clear-cut. It is adverse not only to unregulated combination, of a monopolistic tendency, as "dangerous to the public welfare," but also to regulation of such combinations in a manner analogous to the regulation of railways by the Interstate Commission. This he regards as bound up with such stupendous difficulties and open to such cardinal objections as suffice for its unqualified rejection. On the other hand, he holds that the prevention and suppression of monopolistic combinations—in other words, the actual policy of our country—is both feasible and desirable. And the assertion that it is desirable he supports chiefly by arguments designed to show that the claims that have been set up for the advantages of combination are untenable. It would, of course, be absurd to deny the advantages of large-scale production, and even in many instances the advantages of combination or consolidation; but the idea that defenders of competition *do* make these denials is a pure figment of the imagination. What they assert is not that large-scale production, or combination or consolidation, is incapable of affecting economies, but that there are two essential points which the apostles of monopoly habitually ignore. In the first place, there is a limit to the extent to which the process of economizing through enlargement and combination can be carried; after a certain point in the process has been reached, the gain ceases. And, secondly, the question of magnitude, pure and simple, is one thing and the question of monopolistic control is another.

Both these aspects of the question Mr. Durand discusses with great force and clearness. "No one would think of denying," he says, "that large-scale operation has advantages over small-scale operation. It does not follow that an industrial combination controlling the major part of a business will, by reason of size alone, be more efficient than a less extensive combination or even than a single plant." The economies claimed for the Trusts could, in Mr. Durand's judgment, in many if not in most industries, be effected in approximately equal measure without permitting combinations "sufficiently comprehensive to possess any approach to monopoly power." As regards unnecessary duplication of plant, under a régime of competition, Mr. Durand shows that this plea has been worked for far more than it is worth. The case of parallel competing railways—and likewise, of course, of other

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"natural monopolies"—is wholly different in this regard from anything that ordinarily obtains in manufactures or trade:

> In the case of the ordinary manufacturing industries it seldom happens that a single plant, however large, can supply the entire demand of the territory to which it has natural access. The construction of a second plant usually does not mean needless duplication of investment. The aggregate capacity of all plants is not likely to exceed materially the demand in times of prosperity. The desire of each competitor to be ready to get as large a share of the trade as possible may lead to some excess in plant capacity, but not to a great excess. Moreover, in manufacturing industries, even if there be some excess of plant capacity, operating expenses are not likely to be materially augmented. The plant working at less than full capacity can lessen its force more or less proportionately. Operating expenses vary fairly closely with output.

And, all along the line, Mr. Durand feels justified in the conclusion that the various alleged advantages of monopolistic combination—that is, advantages from the standpoint of the community, not of the promoters—fall too short of such importance to afford any reason for permitting it.

Moreover, a monopolistic régime presents, as an offset to any advantages in the way of economy of production which it may actually possess, the disadvantage of the absence of that constant stimulus to efficiency and progress which the spur of competition supplies. Under this head, Mr. Durand makes one remark which seems specially worth quoting, as to the actual efficiency and progress which have been exhibited by the great Trusts. "The Trusts," he says, 'have thus far been on the defensive, both against potential competition and against public criticism. . . . Should the policy of permitting monopolistic combinations be adopted, there would be danger that the absence of competitive pressure would more than counterbalance any possible advantages from the elimination of competition." And it is not out of place to point out that a remark analogous to this is eminently applicable to quite another phase of the question of our anti-Trust legislation. In the past three or four years, the Sherman law has operated with a vigor and effectiveness theretofore unknown; but it is a great mistake to suppose, as is so generally done, that its existence on the statute books during the first twenty years after its passage was of little or no effect. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that, had it not been for the law, the march of monopoly would have been so much more rapid and so much more comprehensive that the restoration of competitive conditions would have required nothing less than an economic revolution.

SHIPPING GAINS VIA PANAMA.

Few Americans have been so war-engrossed as not to notice that last week freight first began to pass in large quantities through the Panama Canal. Calculation of the commercial advantages of the Canal, especially to shipping from New York, is now a subject of practical curiosity. Avoiding complexities and looking at only the salient facts Mr. Lincoln Hutchinson has recently made such a study in the *American Economic Review*, based on the "tramp-ship" trade alone. The cost of carrying cargoes from New York and Liverpool to twenty representative Pacific ports is computed according to fuel and other operating expenses, distance, and toll charges. The author thus arrives at a very broad, but fairly trustworthy, estimate of the shift caused by the Canal in international commercial advantages.

The advantages which Mr. Hutchinson shows that New York shipping should reap over Liverpool's are surprising in degree and in the extent to which they apply to the Pacific littoral. On the east they range from 42 per cent. in the case of Seattle to 81 per cent. in the case of Guayaquil. On the west the city's former disadvantage of 18 per cent. to Yokohama will be converted into an advantage of 11.5 per cent.; to Melbourne, a disadvantage of 6.5 per cent. to an advantage of 6 per cent.; to Sydney, the present slight disadvantage into an advantage of 13 per cent.; and to Wellington, 27 per cent. Freights to Hongkong, Manila, Singapore, and Batavia will still be cheaper from Liverpool, for it will be useless for New York ships to give up the Suez route to these ports. A curious fact is that it remains a toss-up whether our Philippine exports should choose the eastern or western route. To translate these percentile advantages into dollars and cents per ton is illuminating as to the direct advantages of the Canal to American manufactures. Thus it formerly cost us $5.82 to send a ton of freight to Callao—only 60 cents less than it cost Liverpool. Henceforth it should cost just $2.40, or $1.63 less than Liverpool. To Melbourne we have been paying freights of $7.27, or 44 cents more than carriage has cost Liverpool; hereafter it will be $6.45, or 38 cents less. The net result of the opening of the Canal is that, whereas we were once only slightly better situated than Liverpool for trade with the West Coast of South America, now our advantage is decisive; that whereas we have been somewhat handicapped in commerce with Japan, the Philippines, and Australasia, we should henceforth be on better than even terms; while with China and Malaysia the chances of our trade are greatly brightened.

The tables on which these conclusions are based contain valuable implications as to the extent to which world-trade will forsake the Suez, Magellan, and Cape routes for the Panama. The Magellan almost passes from commercial history; by Europe and North America, if not by Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, it may be forgotten. To China, the Philippines, Malaysia, and Java, Liverpool will continue to use the Suez, and to Australia the Cape route; but to New Zealand she will find it cheaper to employ the Panama Canal. The same may be said of German lines. New York vessels will find it advantageous to go to Hongkong (though not to Shanghai, the greatest of Chinese ports), to Singapore, and to Batavia via Suez, but to no others. All West Coast trade will, of course, flow through the Panama Canal. It is true that certain of the factors which Mr. Hutchinson leaves out of account, such as way-freight, passengers, and the frequency of coaling-places, with the price of coal, may unite in several instances to counterbalance the apparent advantages of the Panama route, especially as against the Suez passage. But there is no reason to fear anything but the crowding of the Panama locks, especially if shippers and manufacturers of the eastern United States seize their unusual opportunity. As a competitor for the trade of all Pacific Ocean countries except the East Indies, we find ourselves placed at a great advantage at the very moment when German commerce is utterly eliminated, and England alone remains a serious rival.

IDEALISTS HARD BESET.

A few short weeks ago, an article such as that of Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation, on "The Critics of the College," must naturally have seemed to the editor of the *Atlantic* most timely for his early autumn number, appearing when the thoughts of so many would be turned to the subject by the approaching renewal of college activities; to-day, such questions as that of the functions of the college president, of the proper place of athletics as against scholarship, of the growth or decline of snobbery and class distinctions, and the rest of the familiar series, important enough in themselves, can hold the interest of a mere handful of persons, alongside

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the awful unfolding of the great European struggle.

But Dr. Pritchett's article closes with a reflection which is quite detached from all the special questions, and which is not altogether without relation to issues that the world-wracking contest may well suggest to a thoughtful mind. While admitting the many weaknesses and defects of our colleges, Dr. Pritchett says that there is one thing about the college, take it all in all, which always brings to him comfort and confidence:

> The fact still remains that it is the best agency society has yet devised for the training of leaders; and I apprehend that this remains true largely for the reason that, notwithstanding all these weaknesses, the youth during his college life is under the sway of ideals which make him for all the rest of his life—in part, at least—an idealist. These ideals are not always the highest. In too many cases the boy gets them from the training coach rather than from the teacher, from an obscure instructor rather than from an experienced professor, from the college treasurer rather than from the college president; but nevertheless they express devotion, service, unselfishness, patriotism. It is because the college is still a place in which ideals grow that the college remains the most fruitful training place for the world's leaders.

"Still a place in which ideals grow"—that is the feeling which thousands have cherished about the American or the English college; and have justified it in their minds with or without reference to any connection between the influences bred in the college atmosphere and the training of leaders for the nation. In the mind of a Kipling, the dominant thought about Eton or Rugby, about Cambridge or Oxford, was as of the nursery of an imperial breed—rulers and educators of dark-skinned millions in India and Africa. To the chivalric soul of a Colonel Newcome, it was making brave men gracious and generous and gentle through the reverent study of arts and letters that constituted the crown of the English colleges' work. Either way, the peculiar gift they gave was to be found, not so much in any specific achievement either of knowledge or of power as in an intangible something which made a man some way better than—at least some way different from—what he would have been without it.

To all such notions of the worth of a liberal education, the cult of efficiency—specific, concrete, hard-and-fast efficiency—has been profoundly hostile. The forces which that cult has arrayed against the upholders of the "gentleman and scholar" idea have been steadily gathering in volume and pressure, lo, these many years; and now comes to these forces, as it would seem, a reinforcement so tremendous as to throw all former elements into the shade. Industrial efficiency, scientific efficiency, financial efficiency—what is all that to the efficiency upon which a nation must rely for its very survival? What but the grim determination to carry efficiency to its uttermost limit accounts for the German preparedness—for the ability of the Kaiser to hurl his hosts without hesitation against a world in arms?

But the war will not last forever; and to forecast what the temper of the world will be when it is over would be the rashest of undertakings. The most one may do is to put the question, not to answer it: Will the mighty conflict end in making Europe, or the world, more than ever an armed camp, or will it end in a realization of the insane and wicked folly of tolerating such a state of things? But, whichever shall prove to be the truth, it will remain essential to cleave to that conception of a liberal education which finds its most precious function in the stimulation of ideal interests and the cherishing of ideal aims. For, if the world shall recoil from the horror and destruction of the awful conflict and turn itself towards the better aspirations of peace, surely there will be room in the new order for the pursuit of the graces of culture, and not only of its utilitarian fruits; and if, on the other hand—which Heaven forbid—the energies of the nations shall be bent more than ever upon the fostering of those elements of strength that can best serve the purposes of mutual slaughter and devastation, then surely there will be bitter need of whatever refuge can be supplied for at least a remnant of men and women of intellect and training, whose interests and tastes and aspirations and endeavors lie elsewhere. And, unless we are to give up altogether our faith in the power of ideas to prevail ultimately over brute force, out of that very remnant of unpractical idealists will come, in the end, the rescue of mankind.

IS AMERICAN HUMOR DECLINING?

Prof. Stephen Leacock's explanation in the *Nineteenth Century* of the decline of American humor is that of a funmaker facing a situation that is no joke. Our humor is one of the few products on which the label "American" is supposed to be as good as "sterling." Much of our literature may be thin, but the humorous element has been thought, with the short story, to stand out of the ruck. For its recent weakening, if it has occurred, Mr. Leacock accounts by the disappearance of supporting factors in national life; it is no accident, according to him, but inevitable; and until American life undergoes a second change there can be no recovery. Our humor, he reasons, has depended upon primitive incongruities, which the rough detachment of the pioneer period enabled us to see objectively—the incongruity of a Westerner against a cultured civilization in "Innocents Abroad," of the society girl and the desperado in Bret Harte. There were also the related qualities of wilful simplicity and of exaggeration. This "original impulse which created American humor has largely spent its force," and we can look forward to little "except the factory-made fun of the Sunday journalist."

The best reason for clinging to hope, despite this prophecy, is in the doubtfulness of Mr. Leacock's classification. For all its suggestiveness, it has an appearance of artificiality. Incongruity and exaggeration may explain Nasby, Nye, Artemus Ward, and much of Mark Twain; but the humor of Irving and Lowell, Bunner, Holmes, and Eugene Field, which Mr. Leacock glosses over, is founded on less analyzable elements. Among secondary writers it reaches a broader basis still—a basis extending in theme from William Allen White's stories of rural Kansas to a Chicago versifier's sonnets of an office-boy. Any attempt to condemn our humorous future by a classification of its subject-matter not only overlooks the obvious truth that humor is mainly in the seeing eye, but involves itself in contradictions.

An illustration is the conflict of Mr. Leacock's argument, as based on the disappearance of social chaos and contrast, with one which certain dramatic critics have founded on the very opposite assumption. We can have no comedy of wit or depth, according to Clayton Hamilton's introduction to a recent English play, until social lines have crystallized. The humor of a Sheridan or Goldsmith is impossible here because "high comedy requires for its inspiration a social tradition that has been handed down for centuries. . . . To all intents and purposes, the United States is still a country without an upper class, and the chaos of our social system precludes the possibility of social satire in our native drama." This clash might be explained on the ground that one critic has in mind general literary humor, the other high dramatic comedy; but the writer's more dogmatic statements are so contradictory as to point to the underlying

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fallacy. In a country that is such a "vast of various things" as America there can be but one conclusive reason why the fruits of humorous observation are not committed to literature.

Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore," dramatically presented, would come near shaking the theory that we have no codes of manners fixed enough for satire; as would unconventional treatment of the Southern aristocracy of blood, the New England aristocracy of culture, and certain would-be aristocracies of wealth, or the codes of our professional classes. Professor Leacock would be rash to assert that humorists of the tenements like O'Higgins, of the school like Josephine Dodge Daskam, of the negro child like Miss Pratt, or the ranchman like Lewis, failed because of subject-matter. "Why cannot we fly?" asked Mr. Chadband. "No wings!" observed the knowing Mr. Snagsby. We are more certain of the fallacy because of its antiquity. The allied complaint that character-comedy is at an end because types of men are worn smooth, the surface of life become a plane, is as old as Hazlitt. Literature and life, according to him, were dissipating character "by giving men the same artificial education and the same common stock of ideas; so that we see all objects from the same point of view and through the same reflected medium; . . . all men become alike." Part of this particular error was the idea that humor lies in manners rather than the individual; for, as Augustine Birrell once remarked, it is "not in his hat nor in his hose, even though the latter be cross-gartered, but in the deep heart of him, his high-flying vanities, his low-lying oddities." The rest it required only a genius like Dickens, with a better eye for humors than Johnson's, to disprove.

The low state of American humor may well have no more radical causes than the low state of the novel, or of poetry. Mr. Leacock justly points out as contributory "the prevailing neglect of letters, the prevailing attempt to reduce education to a mechanical, provable process." We might add to this some of the tendencies of the American magazines, and in especial their mad unanimity in exploiting the same field, once it proves popular under a single hand. The national temper, however, remains not unfavorable to humor. So far as Americans have always had the balance, the sanity, the detachment, to see the amusing side of life, even in adverse times, their character has not altered.

Chronicle of the War

Since we wrote last week, the gradual retirement of the Allies in face of the determined German advance has continued. It is impossible to give any but approximate dates for the various stages of the fighting, since the majority of the news received is at least two days old. Mézières, we now know, was occupied by the Germans on August 24, after a severe battle along the line Mézières-Verdun, and on August 27 news was received of the capture of Longwy by the army under the Crown Prince. All along the line the Allies have retired, but in a singularly clear and frank summary of the situation issued by the French War Office on Monday we read of an offensive movement undertaken by the Allies on their right, of alternate successes and checks in the centre, and of another retirement on the left.

The present situation, then, may be summed up thus: The German forces are gradually approaching nearer to Paris, but their advance is stubbornly contested, and the Allies occupy strong positions on the line Amiens-La Fère-Verdun-Nancy-Epinal. Paris has been prepared for a siege, and if the force of the German attack has not already spent itself (and there seems no reason to suppose that it has) the investment of the capital within the next few weeks appears not improbable. Nevertheless, the German plans have so far failed to accomplish the one thing which could give decisive victory, that is, an enveloping movement which would involve the surrender of an army. So long as the Allies can retreat fighting, keeping their communications intact and the morale of their armies good, their situation, though serious, does not call for alarm, while, on the other hand, the further the German forces advance into France the longer will be the line of communications that they must guard. In the meanwhile, the Russian advance in East Prussia has assumed serious proportions, and on Saturday we learned of the withdrawal of at least one army corps from the western frontier for the defence of Prussia. It seems probable, too, that the end has been reached of the apparently exhaustless supply of men upon whom Germany can draw, since we read of boys of sixteen being called to the colors. England, on the other hand, can count confidently on raising another half-million men. All reservists in France were called to the colors on Monday. Russia, according to dispatches published on Monday, has been able to dismiss for the time being half a million reserves who had been mobilized.

With the more definite reports of previous battles on the western frontier of France which have come to hand during the past week, we are in a position to reconstruct the broad outlines of the fighting that has taken place since the great German drive through Belgium began. It becomes increasingly apparent that the French have been from the first outnumbered and, what is worse, outgeneralled. We know now that the forces against which the Belgians made their gallant resistance were only the advance guard of the great army which was massing behind this screen. We know also that the French venture into Alsace-Lorraine was an exceedingly costly mistake. To assert roundly that it was dictated by sentimental reasons would perhaps be doing an injustice to the intelligence of the French General Staff, but it is probable that sentimental reasons had not a little to do with it. Had it succeeded, it would have been hailed as a masterly stroke of strategy; but it failed, and it is perhaps not unfair to connect with its failure the recent change of Ministry and the appointment of M. Millerand to the War Office. Whether there was a good initial chance of accomplishing the flanking movement which was intended, is a question that cannot yet be decided; but whatever chances there were seem to have been frustrated by the misconduct of one army corps. At all events, when the main German attack developed on the west, on the line Lille-Namur-Neufchâteau, the French defence there was found to be weak, while fully half of their forces were engaged in the excursion into Alsace-Lorraine.

In the light of this knowledge, the German plan of campaign is obvious. The main weight of the German attack has been directed against the left wing of the Allies, where the British forces have offered a stubborn resistance, retreating gradually from the Mons-Charleroi line to Valenciennes-Maubeuge, to Cambrai-Le Cateau, and to Amiens-St. Quentin. German efforts, therefore, have persistently been directed towards outflanking the Allies on their left and getting between them and Paris. Could this object have been carried out, even success in the Alsace-Lorraine adventure would have been of small value. The anxiety of the German General Staff for the success of this turning movement is evidenced by the pertinacity with which they have put forth reports that it had been successful. As we write, while the Allies' left is hard pressed, the way to Havre is still open, and appears in no immediate danger of being cut off.

It may be said in effect that the news of the eastern frontier from different sources has been absolutely contradictory. At the beginning of the war there were complaints of the silence of Berlin. Recently, by means of the wireless station at Sayville, L. I., Berlin has been as communicative as London, Paris, or St. Petersburg, and certainly not more trustworthy. We heard on Saturday of a great German victory south of Allenstein, in East Prussia, against five Russian army corps, and this news was repeated with amplifications on Tuesday. Without further confirmation, it is difficult to accept the report at its face value, since in the whole of East Prussia there were at the time probably not more than five German army corps, certainly not more than seven, and of these, three, according to previous Russian accounts, which in this case correspond with the probabilities f the situation, were around Königsberg, some eighty miles to the north, and another had been reported in retreat on Osterode, some forty-five miles to the southwest. Similarly conflicting reports have been received of the fighting in Galicia and in Poland.

The main point of the Russian strategy is, of course, simple. It is a dash to Berlin in the quickest possible time, in order to deflect German troops from the western frontier and relieve the pressure on the Allies. For the sake of convenience, it is best to consider the Russian army threatening Prussia as a whole, but operating in four divisions. The north-

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ernmost of these divisions entered Prussia by way of Gumbinnen, the capture of which place we recorded last week, has taken Insterburg, the occupation of which has been confirmed, and is around Königsberg. There have been reports that this last fortress has been occupied, but these may safely be discredited. The Russian plan will doubtless be to leave Königsberg invested. The capture of Tilsit, to the northeast of Königsberg, has also been confirmed. The second division of this army entered Prussia at Lyck, some fifty miles south of Gumbinnen, and the third at Neidenburg, on the southern boundary of Prussia. This last division is that which has been engaged in the neighborhod of Allenstein, defeated, according to German accounts, victorious and in occupation of Allenstein, according to St. Petersburg dispatches. The second division may either have joined this army or it may have struck north towards Königsberg. Finally, we may assume that a fourth division, in reality the main army, is attempting the short route to Berlin by way of Posen, which is only 160 miles from the capital. This route has the additional advantage of not being intersected by the River Vistula, which, at a few miles beyond Thorn (where also there have been reports of fighting), turns aside into Poland. This army, however, is still presumably detained in Poland by the Austrian army of invasion, which, operating from its base at Krakau, has Lublin for its objective. There has apparently been severe fighting around Lublin, and both sides have reported victories. It may be assumed, therefore, that no decisive battle has yet been fought.

We see, then, that the Austrian invasion of Poland is in the nature of a flanking movement to arrest the progress of the Russian forces invading Prussia. The Austrian army itself, however, would appear to be in danger from another Russian army which has invaded Galicia, is striking at Lemberg, and threatens to cut the Austrian army in Poland from its base at Krakau. There were unconfirmed reports of an Austrian defeat in Galicia on Tuesday, and a dispatch from St. Petersburg to the London *Times* of the same date mentions the seizure of the railway centre forty miles south of Lemberg as involving the rupture of railway communications with the Austrian fortresses on the Dniester and the Bukovina. On the eastern frontier, as on the western, the same principle applies, that, to secure a decisive victory, it is not sufficient to drive an army back, but the army, or a great part of it, must be surrounded and captured. To isolate the Austrian armies in Galicia and Poland, and so open the way through Krakau to Vienna and through Posen to Berlin, is doubtless the aim of the Russian offensive.

The long silence of the British fleet in the North Sea was broken on August 28 by the news of a naval engagement off the Bight of Heligoland. Two German destroyers and two cruisers were sunk, while a third was reported to be in flames and in a sinking condition. The British losses were relatively small and none of the vessels engaged were damaged past repair. Earlier in the week news was received of the sinking off the west coast of Africa of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse by the British cruiser Highflyer. Confirmation has also been received of the destruction by Russian ships of the light German cruiser Magdeburg in the Gulf of Finland.

Foreign Correspondence

"THE MAN FORSWORN"—A VANISHED ARMY—ADMIRAL "JACK" FISHER—THE AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR.

By SIR HENRY LUCY (TOBY, M.P.).

WESTMINSTER, August 19.

On the night before the roar of cannon signalled the opening of the biggest battle that ever burdened the earth with dead and wounded, I was standing on the lawn of a country house fronting the English Channel. It was a beautiful summer night. The moon looking down on the quiet sea made a broad pathway of light leading to the coast of France. The stars sparkled in a sky almost blue, although it was close on the stroke of midnight. The only sound to break the silence was the ripple of the sea on the shingly beach. Looking out from this scene of idyllic peace across the shining waterway, it was hard to think that within less than a hundred miles two million men were facing each other, the whole business of their day or night being to kill each other, business accelerated by the latest resources of civilization in the way of cannon and rifle, whose stupendous aggregate cost has for years been a tax upon the wage of bread-winners in high or low estate.

At a moderate estimate it is certain that in quiet homes in various lands two million women and children are thinking fondly of some one in this horde of humanity, fearing news that may come on the day after the battle. These men mustered on the fertile lands of Belgium have no quarrel with each other. They have simply been torn from their homes, withdrawn from their peaceful vocations, and ranged in parallel lines with orders to do their best to kill each other. And this carnage on the battlefield with the breaking of hearts in countless homes, not to speak of the paralysis of the commerce of the world and the consequent privations to be endured for an indefinite period, is the deliberate work of a single individual, by chance born to a family which holds the heritage of a throne. Truly, since such a state of things can be, it must be admitted with fresh conviction that "God moves in a mysterious way." Journeying through Kashmir, I heard a striking variant on Cowper's familiar lines. Talking with a native of a tribe that in one of its frequent wars had recently met with dire disaster, he said: "Khud (God) is all-knowing; but His ways are dark."

> Who draws to-day the unrighteous sword?
> Behold him stand, the Man Forsworn,
> The warrior of the faithless word,
> The pledge disowned, the covenant torn,
> Who prates of honour, truth, and trust,
> Ere he profanes them in the dust.
> . . . . . .
> But he that took our proffered hand,
> Thinking to take our birthright too,
> He, in this hospitable land,
> Bore him as only dastards do.
> Here, where the Earth still nurtures men,
> His hand shall soil not ours again.

Since, fifty years ago next November, at a crisis in your great war, Sherman, after raiding Atlanta, vanished from human ken at the head of 60,000 men marching southward to the sea, there has been no incident in warfare so striking as the disappearance of the Expeditionary Force promised by this country for the assistance of Belgium and France resisting Germany's new march on Paris. Immediately on war being declared, the Force was authorized and public announcement made that it would be under the command of Sir John French. Thereafter, the newspapers, teeming with details and movements connected with the war, absolutely ignored its movements, even its existence. This conspiracy of silence is a remarkable, as far as I know, an unparalleled, proof of the patriotism of the British press. There probably is not a newspaper office in the kingdom wherein the editor did not know where the Expeditionary Force was (where, indeed, it has been encamped for nearly a fortnight), and how it got there. Military policy required that its movements should be hidden by an impenetrable cloud, and Lord Kitchener has been loyally supported by the press of all classes. As soon as the great fight by the banks of the Meuse actually opened, the secret, of which I for one in ten thousand had full knowledge, was disclosed. The episode testifies afresh to the splendid administration of the War Office of to-day, contrasted with the muddle that accompanied the opening of the Boer War.

Since his resignation of the office of First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Fisher has, during the last four years, had no directly official connection with Whitehall. But he has not abrogated supervision of the navy, whose preëminence in time of emergency is largely due to him. As a member of the Committee of Imperial Defence he has been in constant attendance on its meetings, his strong personality having marked influence upon its conclusions. He is just now in London, where he has been in residence since the shadow of war closed over Europe.

Mr. Winston Churchill is very properly credited with the conception and carrying out of the plan by which declaration of war by Germany found the British fleet in commanding position in the North Sea. While "the Man Forsworn" was still protesting his love of peace and his determination to insure it at any price, it would have been contrary to diplomatic usage for England to prepare for war by mobilizing her fleet. What was done was the simplest, most innocent-looking thing possible. The King expressed a sudden, imperative desire to review the fleet at Spithead. In order to do honor to the occasion it was, of course, necessary that the ships should be placed in full state of readiness for service. In short, the fleet was mobilized, and as soon as his Majesty had inspected its long lines it, by way of diversion, steamed out to the North Sea, accidentally, as it were, taking up a position that enabled it to hem in the German fleet. Doubtless the First Lord of the Admiralty contributed his counsel and authority to the perfecting and carrying out of the plan. I fancy I see in its inception traces of the genius of the wily naval strategist affectionately known as "Jack" Fisher.

The Austrian Minister at this court, who, after brief interval, has followed the German Ambassador in his compulsory exile from London, was the best known and the most popular of foreign diplomats. He made his acquaintance with London and its multiform society in 1889, when he joined the ambassadorial staff as an attaché. Ten years ago he became Minister Plenipotentiary. He enjoyed in special degree the personal favor of King Edward, with whom he was related by distant family ties. A dinner party in London, or a week-end gathering in the country at which his Majesty was a guest, was rarely completed without the presence of Count

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Mensdorff. Royal favor was in equally marked degree bestowed when King George succeeded his father on the throne. Separation from the many friends he had made in England must have been accompanied by a pang more poignant, since necessity for leave-taking arose from the fact that his country was at war with them.

NEUTRAL ITALY—THE DISORGANIZATION OF BUSINESS—A POLICY OF WATCHFUL WAITING.

ROME, August 13.

Perhaps by the time this article reaches America its title will no longer be applicable to the state of Italy. With nearly all the rest of Europe ablaze, we, too, may from one moment to another find ourselves involved in the mighty struggle, but for the present we are outside it, anxiously watching the terrible play of world forces as spectators, though anything but disinterested ones.

If we are not participating directly in the war—as yet—it by no means follows that it does not affect us. Independently of the vast political aspects of the situation, its fearful possibilities, and the changes which its outcome will probably bring about in the map of Europe and certainly in international values, the fact that five great nations and several smaller ones are at war has brought about most peculiar economic conditions, even in neutral countries like Italy. The trade of the world in normal times is based primarily on international exchanges, for practically no country to-day is self-supporting, the entire economic system of each state being closely bound up with that of every other. The war has suddenly changed all this, and has temporarily put an end to foreign trade. Every belligerent state has begun by closing its doors and prohibiting the export of all articles of first necessity—foodstuffs, raw materials, and everything which may be of use for military purposes; at the same time, by suspending the train service, except for the transport of troops and war stores, it has stopped imports from abroad and almost all trade within the country. War risks and the requisitioning of many steamers as auxiliary cruisers or transports has reduced seaborne trade to the most trifling proportions. Neutral states have had in self-defence to follow suit to a great extent. Europe is thus brought back several centuries to a state of almost purely national economy, each country trying to live exclusively on its own resources.

Italy has had to prohibit the export of a number of articles, and although our ships can sail without fear of capture, they are far from sufficient for our own maritime trade, and certain necessary raw materials are beginning to be scarce. The supply of coal is sufficient for the time being, and arrangements have been made to import fresh supplies, but prudence is indispensable, and the railway administration has begun by reducing the train service. This necessity has produced less inconvenience than might have been expected, because few people are travelling; no one thinks of going abroad, and no foreigners arrive, save a few from Switzerland and a number of Americans from various countries who are trying to sail for the States. In Italy itself most people prefer to remain near their own homes, and even the ubiquitous drummer is less conspicuous now that almost all business is suspended. We are also to a large extent cut off from the foreign mails, for with the suspension of international trains, letters and newspapers no longer arrive from any of the belligerent states.

Another consequence of the war is the hurried return of tens of thousands of Italian emigrants who were peacefully working in France, Switzerland, and Germany when the outbreak of hostilities and the consequent shutting down of many industries made it necessary for them to leave. Those who were employed in the mines and iron and steel works of French and German Lorraine had to quit so hurriedly that they had not even time to draw their last week's wages. The calling to the colors of a number of reservists will to some extent relieve the pressure caused by this sudden influx of laborers, and both the Government and private employers are doing what they can to provide them with work; but the situation is serious, as the interruption of foreign trade and the consequent scarcity of many raw materials is hampering all industries, and a number of mills have had to shut down or at least reduce their hours of work.

Foodstuffs, fortunately, are abundant. The wheat crop has just been gathered in, and although inferior to that of last year, it has proved equal to the average; the supply is therefore expected to last for about ten months without any need for foreign imports, and next month there will be the Indian corn crop, which is expected to be fairly good. Other articles of diet which Italy usually exports should be more abundant than in normal times, owing to the impossibility of sending them abroad. Nevertheless, some of the wholesale and retail dealers have tried to raise the prices of all commodities, even of those which are wholly produced at home. This has caused much indignation, and might lead to serious results, but the municipalities are waging war against such attempts, and are enforcing the official price lists, which are issued from day to day; this policy seems to be successful, as the rise in prices has been kept within moderate limits. An attempt was made by the dealers in petrol to treble the price of that product by spreading the rumor that the Government had seized practically all the available supply for military purposes. For a day or two the number of motors in the streets diminished considerably, but the story proved wholly without foundation, and the price of petrol dropped again to its former level.

The most alarming incident was the run on the banks in Rome and other cities which occurred during the first days after the outbreak of the war. Large numbers of depositors were seized with a sudden panic lest their savings should be endangered, and hurried at once to withdraw them. The scenes outside the chief banks defy description, and for two days the cashiers were kept busy ceaselessly paying out deposits. But the Government stepped in and authorized the banks to refuse to pay more than 5 per cent. on each deposit except for those below 50 lire, a minimum which the banks themselves raised voluntarily to 200, until August 20. The run thus ceased, but when the ordinance was first published many depositors refused to believe it, and some bank managers were insulted and threatened because they would not pay out more than the prescribed amount. There was absolutely no reason for this panic, as the Italian banks are exceptionally sound and almost overcautious in their operations, especially since the money tightness which has been felt during the last two years; but there is no accounting for these sudden popular outbursts, and the Italian public is less accustomed to dealing with banks than that of other countries. But although the measure taken by the Government has been generally approved, many manufacturers and other employers of labor who habitually deposit their funds in the banks find it difficult to pay their employees; arrangements will probably be made to enable them to withdraw what is necessary for this purpose.

Those who have money invested abroad find themselves in a peculiarly unpleasant position, as the local banks will not cash foreign checks save on those banks which have current accounts with Italian institutions; so that many wealthy foreigners, including a member of the Vanderbilt family, have found themselves temporarily without resources. With the reëstablishment of the mail service, which is expected within a week or so (when the mobilization in the belligerent countries will be complete), conditions will improve in this connection, but in the meanwhile there are loud complaints. Considerable annoyance has been caused to the public by the difficulty of changing paper money. A number of people have got it into their heads that silver and small notes are less likely to depreciate than large notes; consequently, there is dearth of the former, and large shops often refuse to change the latter. The result is much bad language between shopmen and indignant customers, and the intervention of the police and the imposition of fines on those who refuse to accept legal tender The Government is having more silver and five- and ten-lire notes issued, and will probably also issue one- and two-lire notes, and then temporarily withdraw silver from circulation. At Milan the municipality has issued local notes which can be cashed at the municipal offices.

Otherwise the life of the country goes on outwardly more or less as usual. One's chief occupation is reading the newspapers, which are issued with increasing frequency, although filled with news which for the most part is confused, uncertain, and often fantastic. Although the press, with some exceptions, maintains a strictly neutral attitude, the sympathies of the public are on the whole in favor of the Entente, especially since the German invasion of Belgium, which has converted many former *triplicisti*. Every one approves the action of the Government in deciding to remain neutral, but it is also realized that at any moment neutrality may become impossible. Three extra *classi, i. e.*, the yearly contingents of men who serve in the army, have been called back to the colors (those born in 1889, 1890, and 1891), and further calls are expected. The whole country realizes that as long as the terrible struggle lasts it must keep ready for anything that may happen. Internal dissensions, so bitter a few weeks ago, have disappeared, and even the Socialists and syndicalists, following the example of their foreign comrades, are becoming patriots. Day by day we ask ourselves what is going to happen, for we all feel the strain of the incubus weighing on us like a Dantesque *cappa di piombo*. In the meanwhile we are anxiously waiting and watching.

L. V.

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THE CAILLAUX TRIAL—POLITICAL AND PERSONAL ASPECTS—A CONTRAST WITH THE DREYFUS AFFAIR.

PARIS, July 31.

In a letter which attempts to make certain notations on the French temper, it is hardly necessary to discuss the points at issue in the Caillaux trial itself. They were settled before a jury, and even those who may agree with its conclusions know, alas, only too well, that twelve men picked at random even in a unanimous verdict—and here the verdict need not be unanimous—may be very far from representing the national feeling. It is doubtful, however, if there ever was a trial in which the intellectual ability of all the disputants (and every witness seemed to be trying to make out a case) was of so uniformly high a level. Two ex-Premiers of France, parliamentary leaders, editors of the leading French dailies, Paul Bourget, Henri Bernstein, the present and the former wife of a Minister of Finance, and two of the ablest French lawyers, Me. Labori and Me. Chenu, conducted the trial. I say that they all conducted the trial, for, from an American point of view, every one seemed to do very much as he pleased.

An American lawyer, confused by the difference in procedure, and dazzled by the brilliancy of the pleading, could not have helped saying to himself: "It is magnificent, but it is not law." That difference in procedure has, none the less, its advantages. In a French trial like the present there is, of course, none of the objecting and striking from the record, none of the badgering or cross-examination of your plain, blunt man by a professional, none of the tiresome summing-up, rebuttal, and sur-rebuttal. There is merely the reading of the act of accusation, the statement of the accused, the uninterrupted testimony of witnesses, the confrontation of these by other witnesses, the pleas of the lawyers for the *partie civile*, the presentation of the case by the *procureur général*, and the plea of the lawyer for the defence, in this case, as in the Dreyfus affair, Me. Labori.

Such a trial, with its greater directness of attack, inevitably takes over the processes and the character of a great tragedy, in which the lawyers are much more nearly stage managers than *dramatis personæ*. In this case, for those of us who did not have to consider the political bearings of much of its testimony, it was an intensely interesting Grand Guignol drama between two women of whom one loved and the other hated, Mme. Caillaux and Mme. Gueydan, one the present, the other the divorced wife of a Minister of state. In trying to point out the difference between national temperaments, perhaps nothing could serve as a better illustration than the thunderous applause which greeted Mme. Gueydan, the former wife of M. Caillaux, when, at what was undoubtedly a long calculated moment, and with a carefully premeditated gesture, she forced upon Me. Labori, who was too prudent not to be on his guard, the famous letters which provided the pivot of the affair and the climax of the drama. It had already become evident that justice was not the uppermost consideration in the mind of this unhappy woman testifying against her rival. It had also become evident from her own testimony that of this notorious *dossier* of eight letters, at least five had nothing to do with the trial and that the woman who was offering them had abstracted them—the man in the street would use a stronger term—from a locked secretary. The *coup* was strikingly theatrical; it was hardly dramatic, but non-partisan journals spoke of the incident as a "vraie scène Cornélienne." If it was a scene such as might be found in the great Corneille, it would have to be sought in "Rodogune," and not in "Cinna" or the "Cid." It was easier to understand Mme. Gueydan's motives than to approve them. With her imperturbable self-mastery, and an unerring *souci de l'effet*, it seemed to some that she was merely supplying with consummate skill a further proof of Byron's lines:

> There never yet was human power
> Which could evade, if unforgiven,
> The patient search and vigil long
> Of him who treasures up a wrong.

I doubt, however, whether the incident would have received in America the same reception, either by an audience or by the general press, which it received on the day of its occurrence; for it must be added that already not a few of the former enthusiasts have found it necessary to make very serious reserves about this *beau geste*, which to many will seem to have been made with the wrong hand.

It would be idle to pretend that, in its political significance, the trial which has just closed with the acquittal of Mme. Caillaux is in any way to be ranked with the famous "affaire." A comparison of the two cases, however, cannot fail to indicate the direction in which the Third Republic has been tending. The most striking and, possibly, most significant differences will lie in the conduct of the trials themselves. The hand that ruled during the Dreyfus affair, especially in its earlier phases, was only too evidently an iron hand, a locked, mailed fist. The hand which guided here was lax and open. The ease with which important state affairs, supposedly secret, were discussed is a case in point. But the most striking comparison would perhaps be the treatment accorded to two prominent French men of letters, who took it upon themselves to deal with the issues involved in the debates. By a curious coincidence, at the time of the Dreyfus *affaire*, it was Zola, the head of the naturalistic school, while now it was Henri Bernstein, the leader of the movement for *la littérature brutale*. It will be remembered how swiftly Zola was condemned and that for his article in *L'Aurore* he spent an exile in England. Zola's charges were, to be sure, grave; but his language in that case was noble and dignified, if not measured, and his aim was justice. The statements of Bernstein were made in the course of his deposition. He was ostensibly there as a witness of character for the victim, Calmette. I am not sure that his aim was not self-exploitation and I am certain that his manner was impertinent. It is true that when he said, "Caillaux (a former Premier of France) is a man who climbs upon the coffin of his wife's victim in order to speak to you from a greater eminence," he was told that this was "literature" and was asked to proceed. But after other remarks, most evidently involving the honor of members of the existing Government and officers of the court themselves, he was not seriously rebuked, and was allowed to leave the court unmolested. To those who remember a previous trial, it will be interesting to note how far a man may go to-day in a French court without being forced to withdraw his remarks or being held for contempt. Bernstein was testifying to the story of Mme. Gueydan's misfortunes as she had given it to him. He had made several insinuations and passed some ugly slurs upon the conduct of French magistrates—which had aroused considerable laughter—and had used the words "hesitation and partiality." The *procureur général* here interrupted:

"These are singular appreciations, altogether unexpected on the part of M. Bernstein, and which are out of place here."

M. Bernstein—"Far from me the thought that magistrates make the slightest difference between a Minister or an ex-Minister and the humblest citizen. [Laughter.] On that point I have a very pronounced opinion. I am sure that in a hall of justice, to use the language which I have been hearing for the last few days, a Minister or an ex-Minister is treated as I would be myself, and if I had conceived the slightest doubt in this connection, the present debate would have enlightened me."

To this, *M. le procureur général* made the astounding reply: "That is entirely exact. You are not mistaken," and Bernstein was allowed to proceed.

It will be recalled that M. Caillaux had read into the record a copy of the will of Calmette, and also that Gaston Calmette, when assassinated, had in his portfolio a copy in his own hand, the famous *document vert*, purporting to be a transcript of an important state paper. After the tragedy it was delivered into the hands of M. Poincaré, President of the Republic, by Calmette"s brother, who received the thanks of the head of the Government. The document was discussed at the trial, and on the demand that it be produced two of the present Ministers of the Republic, consulted in the matter, sent an official communication to the court to declare that the document was spurious, and pretended to be a copy of a document which had never existed.

Bernstein, recalled to testify under somewhat exasperating circumstances, to be sure, had this to say:

> We have watched this happen; we have seen the Bureau of Registration, the *fisc*, commit the boundless felony of delivering up a will. There are possibly among you, gentlemen of the jury, men who have made a will. Well, don't allow yourself to be assassinated by a Minister, or the next day that will will be read at the hearing. That is what I had to say. [Uproar.]
>
> Then we saw two Ministers declare, in order to shield a former comrade, that the documents which M. Poincaré had received and which he thanked Dr. Calmette for bringing to him, were false, had no importance. Then one of two things is true: either M. Poincaré is weak-minded, or the Miinsters have lied.

The rôle of the President of the Court was indeed a difficult one. He was called upon to preside at a trial in which, for good reasons, the wife of a Minister was accused of assassinating a political enemy, and in which, for reasons far less evident, a Minister was forced to defend himself against the charges of venality and treason. That there should have been insinuations and reflections passed upon the character of the President, in a case where feelings were so tense, is only natural. That he should have been so seemingly helpless in the face of criticism was hardly to be expected. But when we compare the treatment meted out to Zola after his famous letter, "J'Accuse," with the complete immunity enjoyed by a contemporary dramatist whose criticism of both the President and the Republic and of his Ministers had certainly gone beyond the bounds, we must realize that something has been happening in France.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

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Poetry

A FRENCH POET OF TRUE LOVE.

PARIS, August 1.

André Rivoire, middle-aged, spare, dark, with the mien of a patient college professor and the eyes of one accustomed to kindly speech, has tried to explain to me his idea in translating into French verse Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Like Richepin, another poet, with "Macbeth," he would give the true Shakespeare; but—"I wish to versify the feelings of Romeo and Juliet in the language of lovers of to-day."

A new book of André Rivoire's verses, "Le Plaisir des Jours," shows what he is able to do. It is made up of sixty-eight short poems, with no other order than the natural "pleasure of the days" where true love, happier than in Verona, runs smoothly through the years. Two volumes of such love songs have already won for him the official recognition of the French Academy; but he is best known popularly by his plays, which are also in verse. They are romantic, sometimes pathetic, and always amusing in their transplantation of modern feeling into ancient characters; and their verses are jolly as well as *jolis*. "Le Bon Roi Dagobert" was also crowned by the French Academy after a successful career at the Comédie Française.

In these selections from the last poems of André Rivoire, I try simply to follow the sequence of thought and the division in lines and the rhythm, as far as may be; but the delicious rhyming of the thoughts must be left to masters of the poetic art in English speech. He begins with the looking and the waiting for "the Beloved":

Learn to choose her slowly—
One of soul quick-closing—
For thy desire's companion,
To make her thy beloved:
. . . . . .
Near her to live, nought knowing
Save that life's less sombre;
And your happiness some evening
You'll find old in the shadow.

All through his singing the French poet is haunted by this dream of their happiness growing old with the lovers themselves. It was the heart's desire of a forgotten English poet that life and love should thus go on—

The same, the same, and every day the same.

It is also the soul's education from the "Presentiment" of the waiting years:

When thou shalt come, my one and only love,
We each perhaps a long turn shall have made
And followed many a disappointing way . . .

Then comes the predestined "Meeting":

I know nought of her, only
That, bending o'er her naked hand
While her name to me they told,
—Suddenly—I knew her.

And, since I have touched her hand,
My heart is beating quicker:
And so I feel henceforth I must
Love her—or quite leave her.

The "Departure" of the wedding trip, which is a French conventionality also, is transfigured:

Far, far away to-night I bear thee—
We go forth in the night—
Thy eyes are clear, my soul is strong:
Past evil takes its flight.

We are alone—the train leaps on—
The rain beats cold on the window:
And we—we smile in the silence—
Black night shall be blue sky to-morrow.

The new life—two lives in one—grows through varying verse, calm and refined and unemphatic, to "Wisdom":

Springtime may flower—far away—
White orchards on the hillside:
I only need, upon my desk,
One branch inclining toward me.

The morning blue may bathe the air—
And all the azure's in me:
Enough that one bit of light sky
Should cut across my window.

And one full-throated bird that sings
From the chestnut tree, green-leaving,
Is enough to give me ecstasy—
Fragrance and azure and joy.

'Tis then thine eyes I think of,
And, to myself a-smiling,
I find the whole spring in my heart
And all love—since I love thee.

With the shadows, luminous still but lengthening, the poet's mind looks forward, unafraid, to "When we are Old":

We shall be seated
At the threshold of the door;
And the wind shall bring no murmurs
Of words undefined:

And the far blue spaces
Shall dazzle our eyes—
For we shall be old,
And the long day passes.

Still he looks for the Beloved "From my Window":

I've pushed my table near
To the window:
With dew the garden's shining,
Fresh is the wind.

I look through the branches
Where drops of water glisten—
Where thou comest with thy hands
Full of white roses.

All his life's philosophy centres in "The True Face":

Happy is he who hath known thee, Face of Love,
Face where you'd say the soul comes, turn by turn,
Into the depth of changing eyes, to flower or fade.

All is foreseen, and autumn has come; and this dainty, limpid versifying of true love ends with a "Wish" for whoso may read:

Here are only happy verses—
And I wish that they who read them
Would come and bend above them,
Only with smiles upon their faces.
. . . . . .
May I be for them the friend
Their heart demands, without their knowing,
To pass the love of happiness
Out from these verses into their souls.

S. D.

Books and Men

DEEP-DYED MYSTERY.

Not many months ago a man was reading an essay, before a men's club, on the international position of Germany. In the course of it he referred casually to the German spy system as "the most elaborate and efficient ever maintained by any nation."

"Where do you get your authority for that?" asked one of his listeners.

"From the novels of E. Phillips Oppenheim," he replied, with complete gravity.

Doubtless he felt justified during the first days of the war. Had he been able to read "The Secrets of the German War Office," by "Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves" (McBride, Nast & Co.), he would not have had to turn to a (professed) novelist for his authority.

The preface of "The Secrets of the German War Office" is dated August 7, 1914. The publishers say that its complete manuscript has been in their hands since June 1. The book, they say, is a striking commentary on the author's sources of information.

The author, according to his own statement, is a man of mystery. "There are three persons alive who know who I am. One of the three is the greatest ruler in the world." Accepting his other statements at their face value, it becomes apparent that he has been enjoying a career that makes that of Monte Cristo seem a life of tea-parties and church "sociables" by comparison, that puts Rudolf Rassendyll in the shade and retires Sherlock Holmes into mild obscurity. He has been a secret agent of Germany. He passed an apprenticeship like that of Kim with Durgan Sahib; he inspected and found the weaknesses of Port Arthur before the outbreak of the Japanese war; he faced a "firing-squad" in a gloomy fortress in Belgrade (for no apparent reason), and was reprieved at the last moment, like the man in "Under Two Flags," Bulbo in "The Rose and the Ring," and countless heroes of romance. He engaged in serpentine intrigues at Monte Carlo; he has been involved, like the true Oppenheim hero, in flirtations with lovely Russian ladies and Turkish damsels (merely in the interest of his employers), and he was present at a secret conference in the Black Forest between famous English and German statesmen, whose names he gives!

You are dismissing the book as fiction. Wait a bit. Long years ago, fifteen maybe, as Patience sang—but it would be nearer the truth to say twenty-five—they used to take us to see what was called the "Panorama"—or was it "Cyclorama"?—of Gettysburg. A vast painting of the battle, housed somewhere in a great building—only one thing about it returns clearly to me. It was a cunning combination of pictured canvas and real objects. Near you, as you looked at it, were genuine wheat stacks, real rocks, and shrubs, and grass. There were real trees

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and cannon, and then, somewhere, the real objects ended and the painted canvas began. Where was the boundary? That was the puzzle and the charm—it was so hard to determine.

Dr. "Graves's" book has its real trees and cannon. For instance, if you care to look it up in the London *Times*, for one place, you will certainly find the record of his trial and conviction for espionage at Edinburgh in the summer of 1912, substantially as he relates it. Perhaps it is all real. But if so, he has undoubtedly painted the lily of truth until it looks astonishingly like fiction. It is the penalty, perhaps, of an age that demands even sober facts dished up with a spicy sauce. Not that the facts in this book are sober! In the future, novelists may find a method of presenting the famous problem of 2 plus 2 equals 4 in such a way that nobody will believe it for an instant.

"The Secrets of the German War Office" is an amazingly interesting book. You are inclined to smile at some of the author's gay-dog adventures; you will frequently have terrible difficulty in swallowing. You do not see exactly what he discovered of value on several of his missions. His wisdom sounds like that which comes after the event. ("Indiscreet Letters from Pekin," by "B. L. Putnam Weale," was a similar book—a mixture of fiction and fact.) The chapter called The Grand Duke's Letter is a well of Oppenheim undefiled. The Secret Treaty of the Black Forest sounds preposterous—especially in view of the events of the past few weeks. And the interview with the Kaiser—"that lonely figure seated at his desk, the greenish light playing over him . . . in an underground chamber of the Foreign Office"—well, it is magnificent, but it cannot fail to remind you of Professor Moriarty and *his* underground chamber, with *his* green light, in the second act of "Sherlock Holmes." But the book is interesting, for all that.

As for the accuracy of its predictions, here are some of them: "All the war-scare talk between Germany and England has been and is only a means to an end. The end is to throw dust in the eyes of the rest of the world. Germany and England will never willingly war. . . . Holland is not averse to coming into the German federation. Belgium is averse, but could be snuffed out as easily as a candle."

Some luckier ones, in the chapter called Arming for Peace or War, are these: "The map of Europe is certain to undergo some very decided changes within the next decade, very possibly in less time. . . . Two things must happen in the near future. Germany must expand peacefully in Europe, to the northeast and west, or there will be war. . . . It may be to-morrow; it certainly will not be more than a decade hence. The death of the Emperor Francis Joseph will precipitate it at once—and he is old and feeble. . . . Wilhelm holds the thunderbolt that will shake the world."

At least one chapter—that about the Kaiser and his green light—has appeared in a Sunday magazine. Some of the others have been in *Collier's Weekly*—that called The German War Machine within a few weeks. Now that they are together, they can be judged better, and guessed at. There are some impressive illustrations.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

CHARLESTON THEATRES, 1735-1766.

Unusual interest has been shown of late years in the history of the early American theatre, recognized both as a social and a literary institution of importance. Rival claims to priority in the erection of a theatre have been set up by partisans of Williamsburg, New York, and Philadelphia, in particular, with intimations in other quarters that the first theatrical performance in what is now the United States actually took place in Boston or in Charleston. Patient sifting of the evidence, however, points to Williamsburg, Virginia, as possessor of the first regular playhouse, which seems to have been established in the second decade of the eighteenth century; but unfortunately we have the names of less than a half-dozen plays acted in Williamsburg before 1750. In New York as early as 1732 theatrical performances were regularly given by a company of actors from London (cf. Brown, T. A., "A History of the New York Stage from the First Performance in 1732 to 1901"); another company was playing there from October to December, 1734, and there is evidence of still other "seasons." Philadelphia and Boston, on the other hand, saw their first performances about 1749, and even then the plays met with rigorous opposition from the Quaker and Puritan authorities.

The third regular theatre to be established in the colonies, I believe, was in Charleston. There the players contended against no legal obstacles, and their financial rewards were apparently ample. Moreover, contemporary records preserve for us many details of three dramatic seasons before 1749, and of others in the years 1754-5, 1763-4, and 1766. Yet not only Seilhamer's "History of the American Theatre," but almost every encyclopædia which attempts to tell the story of the drama in colonial America, states positively that the first Charleston theatre was erected in 1773. In view of this fact, it may be well to summarize briefly what is recorded of dramatic performances in Charleston before 1773. Although facilities for making a chronological summary are at hand in the wonderfully complete newspaper files of the Charleston Library Society, so far as I know such an account is not in existence.

The prologue spoken at the first Charleston performance was reprinted in this column several months ago (April 23, 1914), but I have never seen reference made to the advertisement of that performance. This appears in the *South Carolina Gazette* of January 18, 1734-5. One of the earliest theatrical notices in any American newspaper, it is a model of modest statement:

> On Friday the 24th Inst. in the Court-room will be attempted a TRAGEDY, called *The Orphan, or the unhappy Mariage*. Tickets will be deliver'd out on *Tuesday* next at Mr. *Shepherd's* at 40s each.

Apparently the "attempt" was successful, for the next *Gazette* informs us that the same tragedy "will be acted the second time" on Tuesday, January 28. Again, the following week the *Gazette* advertises for Tuesday, February 4, "The Orphan" and "a new Pantomimic Entertainment in Grotesque Characters, called, the *Adventures of Harlequin and Scaramouch*, with the Burgo-master trick'd." This makes three renditions of Otway's tragedy, and if we may trust the heading to the second prologue, printed in the *Gazette* for February 8, there was a fourth performance of that play on February 7. But I suspect that this is very probably a misprint for February 4.

The *Gazette* of February 15 advertises for Tuesday, February 18, "the Opera of *Flora, or Hob in the Well*, with the Dance of the two Pierrots," and the Harlequin pantomime. Then, a little over a month later, is a notice of "The Spanish Friar," to be given Tuesday, March 25, "and on Thursday the 27th the same Play for the Benefit of MONIMIA." To receive a "benefit" this actress must have been a professional, but beyond the fact of her playing the title rôle in "The Orphan," we know only that she was in Charleston next season to play the heroine's part in "The Recruiting Officer" at the opening of the new theatre. This we learn from Dr. Dale's prologue written for this latter performance and published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of London, wherein it is stated that "*she had acted* Monimia *with great applause.*" Probably her acting caused the repeated performances of Otway's play.

In the court-room, which then occupied the second floor of a building on the waterfront, all these plays took place. A movement to obtain a permanent theatre for Charleston seems to have been inaugurated at the end of the season. For the *Gazettes* of May 3, May 10, and May 17, 1735, state that "all Gentlemen that are dispos'd to encourage the exhibiting of Plays next Winter" may see the subscription list at Mr. Shepheard's. The second sentence is more interesting: "And any persons that are desirous of having a share in the Performance thereof, upon Application to Mr. Shepheard, shall receive a satisfactory Answer." Evidently, then, the whole company was not to be professional.

The permanent theatre, which was situated on Dock Street, or Queen Street, as it soon came to be called, near St. Philip's Church, just behind the later site of the Planter's Hotel, was formally opened Thursday, February 12, 1735-6, with "The Recruiting Officer," and the special prologue already mentioned. "The Orphan" is again advertised for February 23; "The Recruiting Officer" and "several Entertainments as will be express'd in the great Bills," for March 2; "George Barnwell" for March 9; the same play "with a Farce called *the Devil to Pay*," for March 16, and "The Orphan" with the same farce for March 23; all these were in the Queen Street theatre.

In the *Gazette* of May 29, 1736, appears a poem, "On the Sale of the Theatre," containing certain cryptic personal allusions. In some quarters the lines have been taken to mean the end of the building's use for stage purposes, but that this interpretation is false quickly appears on a perusal of the *Gazette's* advertising columns for the following winter. Notices begin on November 6, when we are informed that Addison's "Cato," with "a Prologue by Mr. Pope," will be given on Thurs-

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day, November 11. This suggestive statement follows: "N. B. If any Persons are possessed of last Year's Tickets, they are desired to send them in to be chang'd for new ones." Again "Cato" is advertised, for November 18; "The Recruiting Officer," with "Flora, or Hob in the Well," for December 1; and "Cato with Entertainments of Dancing" for December 17. Then occurs a long interval without notices of the kind until the *Gazette* of May 21, 1737. There we are told that "at the request of the antient and honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, at the Theatre in Queen street, on Thursday next the 26th Instant, will be performed a Comedy called the *Recruiting Officer* with a Prologue, Epilogue, and Song suitable to the Occasion, to which will be added a new Dance, called *Harlequin* and the *Clown,* and the song of *Mad Tom* in proper Habiliments, by a Person that never yet appear'd upon the Stage." To this last performance the *Gazette* of May 28 devotes a paragraph in its news columns. The Masons are said to have "made a very decent and solemn appearance; there was a fuller House on this Occasion than ever had been known in this Place before." We read too that Apprentices' and Masters' songs "were sung upon the Stage, which were joined in *Chorus* by the Masons in the Pit."

So far as I can ascertain, the Queen Street theatre was never again used as a playhouse. *Gazettes* show frequent balls and concerts given there during the winters following, but no plays. One notice in the *Gazette* of November 1, 1742, announces that "on the 9th of December next, at the (formerly) THEATRE in Charles-Town will be A BALL." Evidently the actors were no longer welcomed.

The second theatre in Charleston was opened in the autumn of 1754. A news item in the *Gazette* for Friday, October 10, of that year reads:

> Last Monday Evening the *new* Theatre in this Town was opened, when the Company of *Comedians* perform'd the Tragedy called, *the Fair Penitent* much to the satisfaction of the Audience.

Thereafter regularly each week until well into November, the *Gazette* runs advertisements that begin: "At the NEW THEATRE On THURSDAY *Evening* next, *Will be Presented* (By a Company of *Comedians* from *London*) A Comedy [or Tragedy] called," etc. The form of this advertisement, I think, leaves no doubt as to the identity of the "Comedians." It is the same stereotyped wording that was used by Hallam's company in Williamsburg, New York, and Philadelphia. That company opened a short season in Philadelphia April 15, 1754, with "The Fair Penitent," and on June 27, 1754, according to Seilhamer (*Op. cit.*, I., 71-72), "took its farewell of that city and the continent." Its farewell to the continent must have been *au revoir*.

The répertoire for that season includes: October 6, "The Fair Penitent"; October 16, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife" and "The Mock Doctor"; October 23, "The Orphan"; November 6, "Cato"; November 13, "The Recruiting Officer" and "The King and the Miller"; November 25, "George Barnwell"; December 27, "The Distressed Mother."

The acting of "George Barnwell" passed unnoted by the *Gazette,* but was seen by Mrs. Ann Manigault, whose unpublished diary has been mentioned in a previous article in this column (February 27, 1913). The Grand Lodge of Masons in South Carolina, formed that very day, attended "The Distressed Mother" in a body. The *Gazette* tells how the Masons first went to church to hear "an excellent sermon" by their Brother Baron, then "to their Bother Gordon's Tavern, where they dined and spent the Afternoon to the number of upwards an Hundred," and finally to the theatre. One month later, on January 27, 1755, Mrs. Manigault again saw a play, but did not record its name.

Of the coming in 1763 to Charleston of Hallam's company, then under the leadership of David Douglass, and the name of the American Company, I have already made mention in the article referred to above. Fresh examination of newspaper files and of Mrs. Manigault's diary adds considerably to the list of plays previously given. This list now includes: December 14, "The Suspicious Husband" and "Lethe"; December 16, "The Gamester" and "Wives Metamorphosed"; December 19, "The Provoked Husband" and "Damon and Phillida"; December 22, "The Mourning Bride"; January 13, "Douglas"; February 3, "George Barnwell"; February 13, "The Conscious Lovers"; February 24, "Jane Shore"; February 27, "Love for Love"; March 19, "The Jealous Wife"; March 26, "The Orphan of China" and "The Anatomist" (benefit of Mrs. Morris); March 29, "Theodosius"; April 9, "The Mourning Bride"; April 12, "Romeo and Juliet"; April 25, "A Wonder! A Woman Keeps a Secret," and a farce (benefit of Mrs. Crane and Mr. Barry); and May 10, "King Lear." All these plays and doubtless numerous others unnamed (for the company was to act each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday), were given in a new theatre, seventy-five feet by thirty-five in dimension, situated on Queen Street, "near where that of Messrs. Holliday and comp. formerly stood."

The American Company returned two years later. At that time the *Gazette* had suspended publication on account of the provisions of the Stamp Act, but another periodical, the *South Carolina Gazette and Country Journal,* arose, joyfully proclaiming that no stamped paper was to be had. From the files of this paper, with the help again of Mrs. Manigault's diary, it is possible to make out this list of performances: January 17, "The Distressed Mother"; January 31, "Douglas"; February 10, "Love in a Village"; February 27, "The Constant Couple" and "The Mock Doctor" (benefit of Mrs. Osborne); March 6, "The Gamester" and "The Oracle" (benefit of Mrs. Douglass); March 13, "The Provoked Husband" and "The Lying Valet" (benefit of Mr. Emmet); March 20, "The Way to Keep Him" and "The Brave Irishman" (benefit of Mr. Verling); April 3, "The School for Lovers," "The Oracle," and "An Ode set to Musick, called *Gratitude and Love* written by a Gentleman in this Province" (benefit of Miss Hallam); April 16, "Cato" and "Miss in Her Teens" (benefit of the poor). Of these, "The Oracle," "The Way to Keep Him," and "The School for Lovers" had never before been acted in America. After the last performance Douglass remained in Charleston about a month, delivering several times a lecture on "Heads," corresponding perhaps to the modern "phrenology." This venture likewise seems to have brought considerable monetary profit to the actor.

Of the brilliant Charleston season of 1773-4, a full account is given by Seilhamer. The success which it enjoyed was based on that of previous seasons.

ROBERT ADGER LAW.

Correspondence

"THE NATION" ON THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read your journal thirty years without missing a number, so that the fine treats of reason you afford your readers are not new things to me. But I must register my satisfaction and gratification on account of this week's discussion of the tremendous events which are happening. Your journal is, in my estimation, a missioner of right reason.

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

St. Mark's Rectory, Baltimore, August 27.

JUSTICE TO GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Doubtless, many readers of the *Nation* will vigorously dissent from your editorial, "England and War," of August 13, in which you assert that Germany is responsible for this war; for it seems too plain for argument that England, and not Germany, is the proximate cause of the present war, as she has been many times in the past.

Your further contention that Germany has violated the Neutrality act has no merit, because England forced Germany into the breach by obstructing German attack on the northern coast of France. Germany was perfectly fair in the matter with Belgium, for she notified her of the intention, and promised her compensation for all damage done.

It seems to the writer that it is only fair that the *Nation* print an unbiassed and unprejudiced article upon the cause of the present war, showing the exact stand taken by each contending country.

J. A. BAER.

Milwaukee, Wis., August 17.

PEACE AND WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The present deplorable state of affairs in Europe surely has not come as a surprise even to the most ardent and optimistic advocate of peace. Since the exhaustion following the last great struggle the nations of Europe, particularly Germany and France, have taken advantage of the quiet of a generation to store huge sums in their war-chests and to expend the gains of Peace on preparations for war. The vicious cycle, which ever is being repeated, is quaintly and admirably described by the old French poet, Jean de Mehune (quoted in English by Puttenham [1589] as an example of the figure *Clymax*):

> Peace makes plentie, plentie makes pride,
> Pride breeds quarrell, and quarrell brings warre;
> Warre brings spoile, and spoile povertie,
> Povertie pacience, and pacience peace;
> So peace brings warre, and warre brings peace.

LA RUE VAN HOOK.

New London, N. H., August 28.

THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have observed your articles on the responsibility for the present European war, including those in your issue of the 13th inst. As I gather from one of these, you have received some protests on the article which appeared on the 6th. I write to express my commendation of this article.

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In your issue just to hand you make abundantly clear what I think nearly every one feels, namely, that whatever condemnation is expressed of the action of Germany applies entirely to the Emperor and his immediate advisers. We have good reason in this country to appreciate the German element in our citizenship, and it is undoubtedly the fact that if it had been necessary to obtain popular support in Germany for the war, this would not have been forthcoming.

It would be idle to blind ourselves to the existence of an ambition and jealousy, in at least two of the countries involved, which has brought about the present situation, and this makes it all the more discouraging to attempt anything in the nature of mediation. Without an entire change in the governing control of these nations, no permanent peace can be expected, and this change, it would appear, can only be achieved by a positive defeat of the policy and the corresponding discrediting of the parties responsible for it. On the other hand, if that policy were to prove victorious, the result would be still worse for civilization.

Again let me express my appreciation of the completeness and breadth of your weekly survey. E. SHORROCK.

Seattle, Wash., August 17.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your statement that you have received protests against your fixing of the responsibility for the European war leads me to write and thank you for doing that very thing. I can't help believing that public opinion can have some influence upon the right side in such matters, and public opinion needs often to be instructed. The wrong side in such an awful war as the present one ought to be pilloried, and the *Nation*, while doing that, is distinctly fair to the German people, who are so unfortunate as to be under the domination of a set of people who seem to worship brute force rather than right.

A. M. WILCOX.

Frankfort, Mich., August 20.

CENSORSHIP AND FALSE NEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some years ago, when engaged in the composition of a military study, I was perplexed and discouraged at the apparent impossibility of getting trustworthy numerical and narrative information, and at last concluded that except for official statistics, prepared usually before the incidents to which they relate and without intentional bearing upon them, military estimates may rarely be accepted, while most other statements are to be regarded askance. Since then I have had to feel the same scepticism in regard to similar matters to which I have given less detailed study, of the kind which have been dealt with by Sir James Ramsay so forcefully, and often with so much success.

The present war in Europe affords admirable illustration of how difficult it is for the ordinary witness to furnish trustworthy information, and how many reasons exist for giving false news.

In the first place, the stress and excitement are terrible, and more than men's minds can bear, so that they will believe and report anything. This is partly true even of England, least disturbed of the belligerents as yet. But in Germany and in Belgium, where they are in the thick of it, rumor runs as she did in the days of Virgil.

As to military engagements, it need not be said, the operations are now so immense, and the movements, to the witness, so fragmentary and confused, that even the best-trained correspondents neither understand nor know the truth. All the field of Waterloo is easily visible from one point, but the battle now beginning is on a line, Belfort-Brussels, over two hundred miles long, and is occupied by more than two millions of men.

To collect the various fragments of information which would be absolutely necessary for the truth about any great movement is temporarily impossible, for censorship was never so strict and efficient. It was not easy for correspondents to learn much in the Russo-Japanese war, and increasingly difficult in the Balkans in 1912; but the suppression of news is now so organized that little gets out but what the authorities are willing to give. As for England, the day on which war was declared, her fleet disappeared, and scarcely a word has there been about it since. The newspapers have understood the necessity of this and make it a point of honor. During an entire fortnight they preserved inviolate the secret of the expeditionary force. And so also for the Continent. At present scarcely anything is mentioned about Austria or Russia, while of the military movements in Germany, France, and Belgium there is not a great deal. Where newspapers are so well equipped that they do learn something, they consider themselves bound to publish nothing about their own countrymen or their allies; and, indeed, if they did do this, they would fall under much displeasure. Thus the *Times* of August 12 publishes an admirable map, "The Kaiser's Plan of Campaign," showing the disposition of the German troops, probably based on a great deal of accurate information; but nothing whatever is shown of the French plans.

It is, then, obvious that little can yet be obtained, and that what is furnished is apt to be inaccurate. A few days ago, when the French advanced into Alsace, there were immediately circulated brief though vivid accounts of the battle of Altkirk: "45,000 Dead and Wounded" read innumerable newspaper broadsides. Of these it was asserted that the French had lost 15,000; but shortly after a more credible report said that their losses had been slight, and an official account which followed put them at 100. One is reminded of the comment made by Napier on the estimates of losses at Fuentes de Onoro; and it may be surmised what effect such redaction would have had upon the numbers reported at Arbela or the carnage which an obscure account assigns to Châlons.

Very great error also, though more temporary, arises not from censorship or exaggeration, but from deliberate falsification with official sanction. Reports from Germany indicate that a great deal of this is being done there. Apparently stories have been current that Paris was burned, that France was disorganized, that a commune was established, and that Japan had attacked Russia, while it is asserted that England's attitude was misrepresented shamefully and in skilful fashion; nor am I persuaded that English accounts are entirely guiltless of misrepresenting the acts of Austrians and Germans.

EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER.

London, August 12.

GERMANY'S HOLY WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Germany's bid for America's sympathy on the ground that she is conducting a holy war to protect herself and the rest of Europe from falling under Muscovite domination will not appeal to the intelligent, clear-minded American.

It would be a calamity indeed for the whole world if Europe were to be ruled by the Slav, but it would likewise be a calamity should the Teuton become her master. The imminent danger to-day is not the rule of the Romanoffs, but that of the Hohenzollerns.

The present war is not, as the German Chancellor would have it thought, a "life-and-death struggle between Germany and the Muscovite races of Russia," but obviously a life-and-death struggle between democracy and German militarism. This is why the sympathy of the majority of the American people must necessarily be with Germany's opponents. The present coalition is not directed against the German people and German civilization—no more than the coalition that put an end to the power of Napoleon the First was directed against the French people and French civilization; it is directed against the rule of *might* represented by German militarism.

It is obvious that Germany's supreme desire in the present struggle is not the warding off of Slavic rule—that is only incidental—but the bringing of Europe under her own rule. Hence the present alignment of Powers against her. Her eagerness to crush France is not stimulated by her desire to save the latter country from Muscovite domination, but rather by her wish to increase her own power at the expense of her neighbors. Her evident intention to annex Belgium, should she be victorious, is not directed against the Slavs, but aims solely at her own aggrandizement.

The world also realizes that Germany has played the part of a bully among European nations—a part which is never popular—and not without danger, for the hour of reckoning generally comes, and when it does come, the bully is likely to find himself without friends. The invasion of Belgium was a brutal manifestation of Germany's belief that might makes right. And when thus breaking her pledge guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium, she asked the English nation to take her word that after the war she would restore the independence of that country. The perjurer in the act of perjuring asking to be trusted! It is little wonder that the statement was received with laughter by the English Parliament.

It remains to be seen how far the German nation will be willing to go with the sacrifice of her children in order, not to save the fatherland, but the Hohenzollern dynasty. There is nothing fantastic in the thought that before the end of the war the German monarchy may tumble down.

A German victory in the present struggle would mean primarily a tremendous setback to democratic principles and the triumph of militarism: it would imply the crushing of France and of French civilization and the weakening of the power of England, if not the reduction of that country to the rank of a second-rate nation. The victory of the Allies, on the contrary, would probably be a death-blow to militarism and all the evils it implies, and might mark the dawn of the era of peace and good will among nations

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for which the world has so long waited, and towards which bleeding humanity is stretching imploring arms. ALBERT SAUVEUR.

Bailey Island, Me., August 22.

IRISH AND GERMANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When one reads accounts of occasional fraternizings between the Irish and the Germans in this country and notes the malicious satisfaction exhibited by the latter at the prospect of inducing the former to make trouble for the English Government in the present crisis, one is reminded for the thousandth time that consistency is not a characteristic of man. If there is one fact that has been prominent above all others in the acts of the British Parliament, it is the determination to redress the past wrongs of Ireland in so far as it can be done. The Irish members seem to be satisfied that the party in power is acting in good faith. Is there any evidence that the German Parliament ever intends to deal in the same spirit with the Alsatians and the Poles? That the dissatisfaction of these people is far greater than that of the Irish, nobody doubts who has had the opportunity to obtain first-hand information. Why should it be a cause of satisfaction to anybody if the Irish give the English Government trouble and a matter for condemnation if the inhabitants of the provinces annexed by Germany against their will manifest an undying spirit of hostility? The number of Alsatians, of Lorrainers, and of Prussian Poles who are friendly to Germany is so small as to be an almost negligible quantity; conversely, there are many Irishmen who are passionately attached to England. Besides, many years have passed since there was an English military force in Ireland to overawe the people. The Irish have been permitted to say and to print almost anything against the Government they pleased, but neither liberty of speech nor of the press is tolerated in the trans-Rhenan provinces.

We are here dealing with a case in which the jury is asked to give full faith and credit to the testimony for the plaintiff, but to regard with suspicion or to reject altogether the evidence for the defendant. All the justifications for the German invasion of Belgium are pitifully weak. If Germany did not want war, why was she the only Power that was completely ready? The patent fact is that the German commander-in-chief thought it would be easier to invade France through the neutral territory than directly, but to avow the truth would not have looked well in the eyes of the world. Therefore, other pretexts had to be discovered or invented. What would it profit a man to be a reasonable being if it did not enable him to find a reason for doing what he wants to do or for believing what he wants to believe? It is strange that so many Germans talk and write as if the strenuous Prussian military régime of the twentieth century were the legitimate successor of the Germany of Goethe and Schiller, of Kant and Hegel. Germany never counted for so little politically and for so much intellectually as at the close of the eighteenth century. Goethe and Lessing confessed to a total lack of patriotism because, like Dr. Johnson, they recognized that it is a sentiment usually devoid of sense.

CHAS. W. SUPER.

Athens, O., August 24.

AN HISTORICAL PROPHECY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Most great historical writers have refrained from prophecy, and the few who have ventured to forecast the future have generally been belied by the issue of events. But the subjoined paragraph from the "Roman Journals" of Ferdinand Gregorovius, written in 1858, would seem to be endowed with an unapprehended inspiration.

Their [the Russians'] aspirations extend to Constantinople, Prague, and Lemberg; in short, to the restoration of the Eastern Empire through Pan-Slavism. Russia, however, is a half-Mongolian entity, devoid of genius and energy. Her hatred of Germany is due to the consciousness of her intellectual dependence on Teutonism, perhaps, also, to the instinctive presentiment of a conflict with Germany in the future, should Germany become a united nation.

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

University of Chicago, August 22.

Liliputian Language

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS REFLECTED IN THE SPEECH OF HOLLAND—THE USE OF DIMINUTIVES MISINTERPRETED BY FOREIGNERS.

THE HAGUE, July 31.

The eminent Danish philologist, Prof. O. Jespersen, has praised the English language for its businesslike, virile qualities. Among other characteristic traits of its manliness, he noted the lack of diminutives. English, in this respect, forms a strong contrast to Dutch. "In Dutch," according to Professor Jespersen,* "every child is a 'kindje,' and every girl a 'meisje'; every tree may be called a 'boompje,' every cup of coffee or tea a 'kopje,' every rabbit a 'konyntje,' every foot a 'voetje,' every key a 'sleuteltje,' etc., etc." The learned author must have got his information from that English lady resident at The Hague, whom the present writer once heard boast that she was never worried by the genders in Dutch, for she simply turned all nouns into diminutives, which, as in all Germanic languages, are without an exception neuter words. The lady was too much satisfied with her clever contrivance to notice the modest smiles of her Dutch friends at her string of Liliputian speech, and the Danish professor, if he were to try the experiment, would not be saved by his academic dignity from the same gentle form of criticism.

To hear the Dutch converse among themselves would easily lead a casual observer into this misconception. But from a philologist a more accurate statement might have been expected than this sweeping and incorrect assertion that the continual recurrence of these endings happens "without any apparent necessity." Every Dutch mother could tell him on what trying occasions her little "kindje" no longer deserves that fondling name and is called simply "stoute kind" (naughty child). Every Dutch girl, it is true, is a "meisje," and for a very good reason; without its ending the word would mean maid-servant, or else would be a term of abuse. Every little tree may be called a "boompje," and a big tree cannot be called otherwise than a "boom." In Holland the professor would be offered a "kopje" of tea, and would actually have to be satisfied with a Liliputian cup, of less than a quarter the size of a good English breakfast cup. Tom Thumb trips on "voetjes" in the Dutch version of the fairy tale, but his parents, not to mention the giant and his wife, walk on "voet," as every Anglo-Saxon parent does. And the key that by its bloodstain betrayed poor Mrs. Bluebeard to her cruel husband has never been a "sleuteltje" since the first days when little Dutchmen trembled at the story. The sandhills near The Hague swarm with "konijntjes," but big, fat "konijnen" are just as numerous. I dare say that a Dutchman knows quite well when there is a necessity for the use of a diminutive, and that he has sufficient self-control to abstain from employing them when this necessity is not apparent.

A Dutch novelist once told me an anecdote about a plain-spoken servant-girl of his, fresh from the country, who one day said to her master: "I cannot understand why you are always writing, but a silly fool you are." In like manner Professor Jespersen remarks: "I cannot understand why these Dutch people are always using diminutives," but they "are innocent, childish, genial beings with no great business capacities or seriousness in life."

Mirabile dictu! No business capacities in the Dutch? By what miraculous way, then, did they, in the early seventeenth century, become the greatest traders of the world? What other capacity, if business was not their line, made them the rulers over colonies forty times larger than their own little fatherland? And if no seriousness in life is found in them, by what tenacious flippancy did they hold out during that cruel war of eighty years against Spain, of which Motley has told the stirring tale? The perusal of that history will convince Professor Jespersen that, in this case, his theory has led him to a wrong conclusion. The Dutchman's fondness for diminutives is more proverbial than real. True it is, that the language has an unlimited capacity for forming them. But their employment depends on definite conditions such as the size of the thing or person in question, or the mood of the speaker himself. Who does not admire in Dutch paintings the artist's loving attention for details, for the minutest trifles of daily life? That nice distinction of detail is a characteristic of the race and accounts for the Dutchman's accuracy in drawing attention, in his speech, to the difference between the little and the big, between the "boompje" and the "boom." Far from its being a trait of a childish mind—children, as a rule, are very little observant—this close scrutiny of the world they live in is the very capacity which makes them particularly fit for business. The Dutchman knows the difference between a penny and

*"Growth and Structure of the English Language."

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a pound, between the proverbial "little he gives" and the "much he asks."

I do not mean to imply that to this habit of observing details the diminutive in Dutch owes its development, just as little as the absence of diminutives in English need prove that the Anglo-Saxon has no eye for gradations of size. The productiveness of a suffix depends on various, mostly inscrutable, conditions, and it is quite possible that the unproductiveness of the English diminutive suffix is due to other causes than the virility of the English mind. I only want to press this point that, the diminutive suffix having proved productive in Dutch, it need not be wondered at that the Dutchman makes use of it where his nice distinction of detail invites expression. And he has this undeniable advantage over the Anglo-Saxon speaker, that with the diminutive suffix he can give utterance to various moods such as scorn, irony, love, cosiness, familiarity, to all of which the Anglo-Saxon must apply a variety of synonyms, or a choice of accompanying adjectives expressive of the particular mood. In this respect Dutch speech is a puzzle and a wonderment to every foreigner. The feelings of snugness and contentment find vent in the formation of diminutives from words that to any other than a Dutchman would seem incapable of diminution. "Lekker weertje" ("nice little weather") may be heard repeatedly on a warm summer's day. People declare themselves glad to see the "zonnetje" ("the little sun") again after that "onweertje" ("little thunderstorm") of last night. Some poets of the seventeenth century have stretched the possibilities of diminutive speech to the utmost. Vondel wrote an exquisite song in which the "tje" endings clatter down like raindrops on a window pane.

I know one English poet who would have relished the charm of this artistic word-play. Robert Herrick equals his Dutch contemporaries in his passion for diminutives. He coins forms like "quarrelet," "pipkinet," "shepherdling." And what would the following "Ternary of Littles" have sounded like, if the English language had yielded a little of its virility to some feminine pliancy?

A little saint best fits a little shrine;
A little prop best fits a little vine;
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil,
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head,
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little chapel fits a little choir;
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float,
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little jelly.
—Herrick.

A. J. Barnouw.

Literature

THE FAITHS OF THE WORLD.

History of Religions. By George Foote Moore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Vol. I. $2.50 net.

The need for a comprehensive work in English on the general history of religions written from the standpoint of an historical student has long been felt. We have had for some time an excellent German manual in two volumes edited by Professor Chantepie de la Saussaye, of the University of Leiden, in which the subdivisions have been parcelled out among a number of specialists, but in English, until the appearance of Professor Moore's works, we have had, apart from the translation of M. Reinach's brilliant exposition, which, however, is too subjective, merely some very general and quite insufficient surveys. In the person of Professor Moore we have a scholar of the first rank, who has made the chair of the history of religions which he holds at Harvard University among the most notable in this country. He has fitted himself for his task by numerous contributions in the field of the Old Testament, in Arabic, and in other branches of Semitic studies. Everything that issues from his pen bears the stamp of comprehensive scholarship in combination with a strictly scientific method and a remarkable critical acumen. With his election to the newly established chair at Harvard, he further enlarged the scope of his studies by including in his range such fields as India, Persia, and Greece.

Naturally, the entire scope of the history of religions is too large to be covered by any single scholar, and even Professor Moore must depend upon second-hand sources for many of the subdivisions. This is inevitable, but a scholar who is accustomed to getting his material directly from the sources for certain sections of a large subject acquires the ability to use second-hand sources for other subdivisions in a manner that insures accuracy and trustworthiness in his treatment. There is an obvious advantage in having the entire field of the history of religions thus treated by one individual, even though certain portions of it are necessarily not so well done as others. The unity of the work is a compensation for this defect.

The present volume embraces China, Japan, Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, India, Persia, Greece, and Rome. A second volume expected shortly will embrace Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. It is to be regretted that our author intentionally excludes the so-called "primitive" religions. We cannot agree with Professor Moore that an investigation of these religions is not necessary for the purpose of his work. In the treatment of the advanced religions of antiquity we are constantly brought face to face with survivals of primitive views; and when we come to the consideration of religious rites it is impossible to understand them without constant reference to the attitude of man in early phases of culture towards his environment. Professor Moore would have added largely to the value of his work if he had given in a series of introductory chapters the general aspects presented by such subjects as magic, animism, totemism, taboos, and divination.

Our author himself recognizes that a general treatment of the subject can amount to little more than an introduction, and that for the details the student must be referred to works of a more specialized character. In view of this, the question of what should be included and what excluded in a general treatment is the most serious problem which a scholar is obliged to face. Opinions will naturally differ, and it is difficult, for obvious reasons, to maintain what may be called an equilibrium in the treatment of the many subdivisions in which the history of religions falls. We notice in the case of the history of religion in Egypt, for example, that Professor Moore is more liberal in furnishing extracts from the texts than in the case of Babylonia and India, whereas in the case of Zoroastrianism these extracts are even more limited. Necessary limitations of space formed, no doubt, the controlling factor in his mind. But we are inclined to believe that he would have done better if he had illustrated the subject in the case of all religions that have produced a noteworthy religious literature by abundant extracts, chosen naturally with care and discretion. A few of the hymns of the Rig-veda, given in full or in large parts, would have been exceedingly helpful in furnishing a general view of the conceptions of divine government, and so in the case of Babylonian religion the two long extracts on pages 224-26 might have been abbreviated to make room for some of the very fine prayers and hymns to Marduk which have been preserved for us. A certain inequality in the treatment of the Pantheon of the various religions covered in the first volume is also to be noted. Thus, while in the religions of India all the important figures of the Pantheon are briefly treated, in the case of Babylonia and Assyria we miss the same systematic treatment of the characteristic traits of the Gods, many of whom are brought to our notice in a somewhat incidental manner.

Such strictures do not, however, affect the substantial value of the work on which it is evident Professor Moore has spent years of incessant labor. The reader obtains in the case of each of the religions treated an admirable survey of its salient traits, and the author shows himself particularly skilful in tracing the connection between the unfolding of religious thought and the general course of culture. The religious history of a people is always closely entwined with political events and social development. This fact is never lost sight of by our author. He is particularly happy in applying this method to the treatment of the religions of Egypt and India. Nor does he neglect the important relationship of religion to ethics and, though he is necessarily brief in his summaries, he gives us throughout his

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volume valuable glimpses of the way in which religious beliefs and rites found an expression in public and private morality.

CURRENT FICTION.

The King of Alsander. By James Elroy Flecker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Here is a tale all romance—a tale such as only a Poet can write for you, O appreciative and generous Public." These are the opening words of Mr. Flecker's preface, and they are also blazoned conspicuously on the front and on the inside of the book's paper cover. Nevertheless those members of the capitalized Public who are able to overcome a natural distaste for this hubristic appeal to their support will find "The King of Alsander" a reasonably entertaining story. There is a mystical chapter at the beginning and another at the end, which we do not pretend to understand and can only accept with resignation, in the light of the author's preface, as an ebullition of poetic temperament. These are the caviare and the ice-cream. The meat of the story is contained in those chapters which tell how a refined young English grocer, tiring of distributing pounds of tea to an unappreciative world and yearning for the higher things of life, journeys to Alsander and becomes the enlightened King of that ancient and somewhat retrogressive country. There are plots and counter-plots; a mad king and an unscrupulous regent; a romantic mediæval castle, and a very pretty hand-to-hand fight, which is so much more interesting than these modern, long-distance affairs. Finally there are two charming ladies, one of whom, we regret to record, the hero treats in an exceedingly shabby fashion. Mr. Flecker's book inevitably invites comparison with Mr. Anthony Hope's exciting tales of Balkan pretenders, and the pseudo-mysticism in which he envelops his main idea does not save it from suffering by the comparison.

Canadian Nights. By Albert Hickman. New York: The Century Co.

The seven short stories of this volume are marked by a studious attempt to find uniqueness of theme; to follow the laconic, omniscient, parenthetical style of Kipling's earlier tales; and to suggest the attitude towards life of a young London observer struck by the vigor, the extravagance, and the social self-confidence of the more leisurely Canadian classes. In pursuit of the first object, the narrative centres on Montreal. In the focus are the clubs, the rich hotels, the adventurous capitalists, fur dealers, and merchants who make money easily; at the periphery are the woods, rivers, snows, and hardships that furnish a natural and striking contrast. If Mr. Hickman's plots were less invertebrate, the freshness of the scenes and the vigor of his style might sometimes strike out a short story of rare quality. But the best of the lot is the mere tale of how an imperious young lady commandeers a suitor to carry her home, and how he wins her by taking a river trail with his motor that leaves her exhausted with terror. From this the framework degenerates to two stories whose heroes are rich and drunken giants, afflicted with such amusing manias as for threading derby hats on their arms and throwing hotel furniture out through the windows. One of Mr. Hickman's best endowments, it must be confessed, is his ability to make physical encounters really humorous—humorous in an Elizabethan way.

The Twenty-fourth of June. By Grace S. Richmond. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The ethical purpose in this latest book by "the author who portrays the home" is as transparent as the love-story—both being plainer than a pikestaff by the end of the third chapter. When the unstable and purposeless hero has met the girl who embodies every domestic ideal, and by her is suddenly awakened to the fact that life has a number of goals, after all, the narrative waits an inevitable end. An obvious suspense is contrived by Mrs. Richmond, who has the heroine send him packing until June 24, with instructions that if he cannot lay a real achievement at her feet he need not come at all. The world he conquers is that of the dry-goods trade, in which his grandfather can assure him unique advantages; nor are the obstacles he encounters serious. The natural criticism which the austere-minded will level against Mrs. Richmond is that, with all her emphasis upon "wholesomeness," a sweet sentimentality weakens the needed effect of vigor; and this holds true of style as well as general construction.

Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels. By Mrs. Charles Bryce. New York: John Lane Co.

Mrs. Vanderstein was the still comely widow of a Jewish money-lender, and had the habit of wearing a king's ransom in jewels. It therefore befell her to be lured into a strange house and murdered. The manner of her taking-off was, we regret to say, rather tame and commonplace, since she was merely chloroformed like a cat. In disposing of the body, however, the murderers really achieved the sort of novelty called for in this order of fiction. They hit upon a new place for an inconvenient corpse, namely, a large, a very large flower-box on a balcony. The pot of basil, with its dolorous skull, is quite outdone. How Gimblet, the detective, discovers the house, the crime, the box, the body, and the murderers, is the substance of the story. Gimblet, with his languor, his connoisseurship, and his inductive method—or is it deductive?—bears a somewhat striking resemblance to Dr. Watson's Sherlock. He carries a microscope, and a set of pill-boxes in which he solemnly deposits bits of dust, hairs, and the like. Nothing escapes him, not even the murderer. This is all as it should be, for the purpose. Detective stories are commonly reducible to formula, and the Sherlock recipe is better than most. But in Conan Doyle's own hands it has proved better adapted to short stories than to a mystery novel. Much of the great Holmes's glamour is due to the celerity of his method. This Gimblet is a dawdling gentleman and a garrulous, more, as it seems, by the author's fault than his own. If anything is fatal to a tale of mystery, it is dawdling and prolixity. The material in this book might have been condensed into a fairly effective short story.

A VICTIM OF ROVING.

A Wanderer's Trail. Being a Faithful Record of Travel in Many Lands. By A. Loton Ridger. Illustrated from photographs. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3 net.

When you turn an apparent tramp from your door in these days, you cannot feel absolutely sure that it is not some college graduate gathering material for a work on sociology whom you are declining to aid. A few years ago, when a freight conductor between Kalama and Tacoma found four men stowed away in the refrigerating box of an empty fruit car, he cursed them all alike as "hoboes," though one of them happened to be a prospective fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, accumulating data for the volume of travel now before us. This can hardly be admitted as a strictly commendable method. It calls the attention much more to the traveller himself than to what he sees, and the traveller who goes in this way is not likely to have a very strong personal claim upon the interest of the reading world.

Mr. Ridger, however, travelled with an open eye and has written a readable book. Starting from England on a tramp freighter, in 1907, at a cost of only three shillings per day for mess money, he made his way to San Francisco, and gradually worked northwards until he reached the Klondyke, laboring at odd jobs only long enough to tire of them, to get sufficient money to reach some other desired point, or to convince his employer that he was too unskilled to earn his wages. By December of the same year he had drifted back to San Francisco, but times were hard there, and before the end of the month he had arranged to work his passage to Japan, by way of Puget Sound and Vladivostock, on a tramp freighter flying the German flag and carrying a Chinese crew. After getting safely through a very hazardous voyage on an unseaworthy vessel, rated A1 at Lloyds' through some legerdemain which he could not explain, the wheel of fortune placed him for a short time in the responsible position of foreign reviser on the *Seoul Press*, the official organ of the Japanese residency in Korea. His criticism of Japanese methods in Korea is intelligent and severe. We quote a few sentences:

To put it bluntly, the Japanese régime in 1908 stood for wholesale pilfering of Korean soil, ostensibly for military purposes; for the gradual absorption of the industries of the

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country, and for the vigorous suppression of the insurgents. . . . Over fourteen thousands of Koreans have been shot down since the protectorate was proclaimed, and not fourteen hundred Japanese have fallen in this butcher's work. . . . Never once has a prolonged appeal been made to the good in the Korean character. Bayonets and bullets have been preferred and have brought in their train only the undying hatred of a race once friendly to the Japanese.

Late in August, 1908, he left Korea, and after passing through Manchuria, sailed down the Chinese coast to Hongkong. Here he arranged for passage on a tramp steamer to Boston, paying his way by service as purser, plus twenty pounds in money.

In January, 1909, he reached England again, his *wanderlust* apparently dead. But the dead soon came to life. April found him on his way to the Transvaal, and a few months later an empty purse forced him to the severe test of underground work as a miner. In the spring of 1910, with one companion and native servants, he set out on a long "trek" northward for the purpose of recruiting native laborers in Ovamboland. This proved wholly futile, so far as procuring laborers was concerned, but it gave material for some very interesting chapters descriptive of the vicissitudes of mismanaged trekking over the wild wastes of South Africa. Incidentally it brought him into contact with many natives who had fled into British territory from the German colony of Damaraland, and he contrasts German harshness towards the African with British mildness, greatly to the advantage of the latter. While peace reigns in Bechuanaland, with a British police force of less than 200, three-fourths of whom are natives, Damaraland is overrun with German troopers and in a constant state of agitation. "Thousands of the natives have been shot down, and such a steady exodus of Hereros has been going on during the last few years that the country is becoming almost denuded of its labor."

We cannot follow Mr. Ridger from South Africa to Zanzibar, Bombay, Ceylon, Burma, Calcutta, and from there, via Singapore and Hongkong, to Japan again, where he found Korean affairs in no more comfortable situation than he had left them, three years before. And Japanese life itself seemed to him to be growing sadder and harder. "The deadly material aspect of twentieth-century Japan struck me most forcibly. Poverty and crime stalked the streets. Ironclads and similar tokens of 'civilization' were drawing heavily on the savings of the overtaxed inhabitants. Speculation, embezzlement, and corruption appeared to be the order of the day."

In Tokio, and later in Hongkong, his book was finished and the manuscript sent home, to be followed almost immediately by the author himself, by third-class on a German mail steamer to Singapore, and from there by a Japanese timber tramp to Antwerp. They had been six hard years, and Mr. Ridger frankly confesses that the burning of the candle at both ends had had its natural effect. If his story leads other young men to follow his example, the motive will at least be something other than bodily ease or material reward.

THE STORY OF A COLLEGE.

A History of Dartmouth College, 1815-1909. By John King Lord. Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Press. $3 net.

Dartmouth is fortunate in possessing so adequate an account of its development as is contained in this volume. It is a continuation of the history of the College and town of Hanover which was published more than twenty years ago by Judge Frederick Chase; it is also based in part on material collected by Judge Chase. In addition, Professor Lord himself has had unusual opportunities for obtaining the fullest information; he has taught at Dartmouth for forty years, and he is the grandson of Nathan Lord, who was president of the College for a generation before the Civil War. After surveying in chronological order the presidential administrations, from John Wheelock to the beginning of that of Dr. Nichols, he wisely adds a number of interesting short chapters on topics like the College Library, Societies, Commencements, Laws, Term-Bills, Bell, and the Connecticut River, Railroads, and Mails. There are good portraits and other illustrations.

To many persons outside the immediate circle of Dartmouth's own alumni and supporters, Professor Lord's volume will be interesting in several respects. It is not generally known, for instance, that the germ from which the Dartmouth College case grew is to be found, more than a quarter of a century before Webster argued the case before Chief Justice Marshall, in a religious dispute in regard to the pastorate and use of the venerable church which still stands to-day at the corner of the campus. This dispute was embittered by the self-will and self-importance of President John Wheelock, a very different kind of man from his father, the founder and first president of the College. The son seemed to regard the College as a family affair, to be managed as he alone saw fit; he wanted, in the words of an unsympathetic trustee, "to be the *omnis homo* of the College." So he increased his enemies and supporters until the dispute spread through the State, and finally the Wheelock party in the Legislature attempted to alter the charter of the old College and establish in its place "Dartmouth University."

A quarter of a century later high feeling arose over quite another matter. President Nathan Lord had become convinced that slavery was an institution of divine origin designed by God, like war and pestilence, as a penalty for sin. He did not hesitate to express his pro-slavery views vigorously in print, and in so doing brought down a storm of Northern indignation not only upon his own head, but upon the college over which he presided. The trustees, who were responsible for the welfare of the College, met; President Lord offered his resignation, and it was accepted. Fortunately, no bitter controversy resulted. Three years later, when the news of the fall of Richmond reached Hanover and the students paraded the streets calling for speeches, the ex-president responded in words of sympathy with the losing side. The students listened quietly, but at the close one of the leaders called for three cheers for the Union cause. They were given with a will, when another sprang forward and called for cheers for a man who had the courage of his convictions. They were given with equal vigor, showing a spirit honorable alike to the students and to their ex-president.

An excellent, though brief, closing chapter chronicles the main features of the notable growth of the College under President Tucker's administration. He at once began to take the alumni into his confidence, going to their annual and special gatherings, and telling them of what had been done and of what he planned to do. Partly as a result of this policy and of his remarkable insight into human nature and educational questions, the number of undergraduates increased during his presidency from 315 in 1893 to 1,107 in 1909, and the number of the teaching faculty from twenty-seven to eighty-four.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSIMILATION IN FRANCE.

French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century. By Albert Léon Guérard. New York: The Century Co. $3 net.

A course of lectures delivered at Stanford University in 1913 finds in this book the larger audience and the permanent form which its general interest warrants. Questions generally debated by Frenchmen with heat and special pleading are here discussed coolly and with philosophic candor; and the pedagogic origin of the book has led to a system of clear division, of synopsis, and of bibliography that goes far to simplify a subject of essential complexity.

One simplification made at the outset avoids the many mares'-nests built about the word *race*, of which a popular recent example is Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century." It is not Chamberlain's Teutonism, but his loose science, to which M. Guérard objects. He will have nothing to do with language or blood or the cephalic index as criteria of a Frenchman. "The bond of unity provided by tradition" is what constitutes a people; "he whose soul is French needs no other credentials." The vagueness of this standard M. Guérard candidly points out, but in this connection to be vague is to be exact. The population of France is a racial medley, and her marked success in the psychological assimilation of her alien children is the best answer to the ever-recurring cry of the decreasing birth-rate. M. Faguet, himself an alarmist, admits that the sons of Germans, of Italians, and of Jews make excellent Frenchmen. The author of an excited ar-

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ticle in a recent number of *La Revue*, calling upon his fellow Frenchmen to help him repopulate France, is named Lowenthal!

It is, then, the French tradition of which M. Guérard traces the history and present manifestations. He finds it persisting through apparent dislocations. The Revolution itself was not so revolutionary as the ordinary textbook supposes. It preserved the French concept of absolute sovereignty, while transferring its seat from throne to people. "The Constituent Assembly was simply crowning, in a few weeks, the patient work of the Capetian line." The Civil Code of Napoleon, an instrument of eclectic and moderate character, embodying Roman law, common law, royal decrees, and the jurisprudence of the courts of the old régime, as well as the intentions of the Revolution, has continued with but few changes to govern France through all the political vicissitudes of the nineteenth century.

Starting from this principle of a strong tenacity of tradition among the French, and using a method of careful historical analysis, M. Guérard discusses the social, political, educational, and religious questions raised in France during the last century, and in a final chapter he brings the discussion up to date.

Notes

Henry Holt & Company announce the forthcoming publication of "The Scarlet Wagon," by Claude M. Girardeau, and "Behavior," by John B. Watson. The same company will publish this month five new volumes in the Home University Library: "The Exploration of the Alps," by Arnold Lunn; "The Renaissance," by Edith Sichel; "Between the Old Testament and the New," by R. H. Charles; "Elizabethan Literature," by J. M. Robertson; "Chemistry," by Raphael Mendola.

"The Honorable Percival," by Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, will be published by the Century Company in October.

The Devin-Adair Company announces the forthcoming publication of: "Beauty and Nick," by Philip Gibbs; "Yourself and the Neighbours," by Seumas McManus; "Your Pay Envelope," by John R. Meader.

"Le Livre en Italie à travers les Siècles," by Leo S. Olschki (Florence: Imprimerie Juntine: $3), is an illustrated catalogue of a collection shown at the Leipzig International Exposition of the arts of book-making and printing. This collection is designed to show the part played by Italy in the development of printing and book-illustration from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century. Examples of all the early Italian printers, and many of the early binders, are given. Over eighty plates, in color, half-tone, and wood cut, embellish the volume.

To aid the Italian immigrant, and to help American librarians in serving their Italian readers, is the purpose of a pamphlet called "Immigrant and Library: Italian Helps," by John Foster Carr (Immigrant Education Society; 35 cents). Following the articles on The Library and the Immigrant, and The Librarian and the Italian, are annotated lists of books for Italian readers. It is not only a useful but a necessary book for any library in a community which has Italian residents.

"Thirty Years' Anglo-French Reminiscences (1876-1906)," by Sir Thomas Barclay (Houghton Mifflin; $3.50), is one of the books of which the interest is tantalizing in the sense that it keeps on promising more than it really gives. Perhaps the original sin of journalism—superficiality—is the explanation of it, for Sir Thomas Barclay first went to Paris as correspondent of the London *Times*. He knows his France well, and was on friendly terms with many leading Frenchmen; yet somehow neither they nor their country quite *live* in his pages. He glances at them, always amiably and intelligently, but with an air of haste and of not seeing very deep, and then passes on. Renan, Boulanger, Blowitz, Gambetta, and the rest—they are but flitting figures here. The volume has, however, one central theme which gives it unity: one should add, timeliness, for it is the theme of the Anglo-French *entente*. As regards the growth of this, Sir Thomas was something more than a looker-on in Vienna. As *Times* correspondent, and later as President of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, he had much to do with shaping schemes to bring about a better understanding between the two countries. The final diplomatic steps he details with first-hand knowledge; though his book was completed before he could know that the *entente*, which he thought of as a great instrument of peace, would prove to be part of the material of a terrible European conflagration. Sir Thomas Barclay has included the United States in his travels and observations, though he refrains in this volume from writing about his visits to our country. When he comes to do so, or when he brings out a new edition of these reminiscences, he will be glad to be warned against the slip of speaking of "Mr. Nelson Page, the new United States Minister to *China*" (p. 240).

While written with the English reader primarily in mind, Lord Monkswell's "The Railways of Great Britain" (Dutton; $2 net) has much that will attract students of transportation everywhere, particularly those who are actually engaged in the operation of railways. Although the book from its chapter headings appears only to take up in order the railways of the different sections of Great Britain, and to treat them from the standpoint of traffic and operation, it contains much of generalization on the fundamental economic problems involved. A few illustrations selected more or less at random will suffice to show its character. The policy of division of territory, which has been carried so far by English railways, is held to be more conducive to public advantage than competition, in spite of its undoubted benefits, would be. Government ownership and operation, a very present topic of discussion in England, is looked upon with disfavor, and it is insisted that Continental conditions are not sufficiently analogous to make experience with them of much value. The author recognizes that under Government ownership some reduction in general officers' salaries would probably result, and offers the interesting suggestion that high salaries are paid to induce in subordinates a feeling of self-respect, that they are not a reward for ability, as "the railway service does not offer any particular facilities for a specially good brain to make itself felt." The apparently excessive figure of capitalization per mile, so often contrasted unfavorably with that of our American roads, is explained by the large amount of additional main-track mileage, the generous provision of rolling stock, stations, and signals, and the elimination of curves, grades, and grade crossings. "There is hardly any doubt," says the author, "that they give their customers more for their money than do those of any other country." Methods of accounting, which are usually supposed to have had much to do with the increase in capital securities in England, are not referred to. American readers who have been taught to think that many of our worst accidents have been due to excessive speed of trains, will be startled by the author's apparent obsession by questions of speed. His severest criticisms of English railway operation are reserved for this subject. He refers to the "disastrous effect" of the slowing down of passenger schedules, says that since 1896 the London-Scotland service has "never risen above mediocrity," and apparently feels himself disgraced that British express speeds were for a time "completely put into the shade by those of the best French trains." In concluding this discussion he says: "In course of time, perhaps, some one in authority will realize that it is advantageous for all concerned to get people over the ground as rapidly as possible, and not as at present, at speeds which the railway companies affectionately regard as 'quite fast enough.'"

"The Railways of the World," by Ernest Protheroe (Dutton; $2.50 net), is a trifle top-heavy with British information. Of its 734 closely printed pages, Great Britain occupies 528, Europe receives 61, and the United States 28. It consists purely of description, and that of the most detailed sort. One is curious as to whether the author will succeed in his purpose, expressed in the preface, of stimulating the interest of boys in the subject. Possibly he has in mind only the illustrations, which are profuse, and many of them excellent.

In "Where No Fear Was" (Putnam; $1.50 net), Mr. A. C. Benson furnishes another of his sensitive if not robust commentaries on human life. We have now nearly a score of these little books of familiar discourse. This one, like its predecessors, reflects the mind and temper of a don who is also a man of feeling. Its theme is of precisely the sort to appeal to his eager and almost tremulous sensibility. What he is concerned with is, of course, not physical fear, but the different fears of mind and spirit; timidity, moral cowardice, worry; the fears of youth and age; fear of life and fear of death. Such fear, says Mr. Benson, is not a discipline, like other forms of suffering: "I can never trace the smallest good in having given way to it. It has been from my earliest days the Shadow; and I think it is the shadow in the lives of many men and women. I want in this book to track it, if I can, to its lair, to see what it is, where its awful power lies, and what, if anything, one can do to resist it." The worst fear of all, he finds, springs from the "ghastly doubt" as to whether we are bound for any goal at all, whether there is any meaning in things. But there are many lesser or more primitive fears: the night fears of childhood

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which spring from inheritance; the distressing shyness of youth, which is a fear of the unknown; the anxiety of the adult who has his bread-winning fight to make; and so on. Mr. Benson shows how each of these fears, if indulged, becomes a debilitating or even paralyzing force, and how it may be faced and kept in check, at least, by labor, faith, and common sense. This is a book to be placed beside such earlier volumes as "The Altar Fire" and "The Gate of Death."

"Juvenile Courts and Probation," by Bernard Flexner and Roger N. Baldwin (Century; $1.25 net), is for judges, probation officers, and interested laymen rather than the general reader. At the same time, since it is the first comprehensive presentation of the problems and methods of the juvenile court, it has value as a reference volume. Beginning with a discussion of the legal principles underlying the juvenile court, the authors take up in order the organization and procedure of the court, probation, reports, and statistics, and the blank forms employed in the work of the officials connected with this institution. Pictures and plans add to the interest of the text, which is marked by common-sense and a recognition of the supreme importance of the human factor in the activity of one of the most promising developments of our judicial system.

May a volume on peace venture out into the open in these mobilizing times? One does so, regardless of the risk, as the bearer of ex-President Taft's four addresses before the New York Peace Society. The little book is entitled "The United States and Peace" (Scribner; $1 net), and takes up the Monroe Doctrine, the protection of aliens, arbitration treaties "that mean something," and the history of attempts at federation for the sake of the judicial settlement of international disputes. It is interesting to note that Mr. Taft's apprehensions of the effect of the joining of the "A B C Powers" with us in action regarding another American republic have proved needless. While all of the addresses in this volume are marked by both knowledge and poise, their author is at his best when he is setting forth the desirability of arbitration treaties that shall really bind their signatories to a peaceful settlement of disputes.

In "Men and Women of the Italian Reformation" (Scribner; $3 net) the indefatigable Mr. Christopher Hare has produced another volume of considerable interest. The general reader scarcely knows that there was an incipient Reformation in Italy, and he will therefore be surprised to learn of Calvin's budding disciples in Ferrara and of Valdés and his circle in Naples. Sadoleto and Ochino, Cardinal Pole and Vergerio, Paleario and Carnesecchi are among the chief men described by Mr. Hare, while Renée, of France, Olympia Morata, Vittoria Colonna, and Giulia Gonzaga are the famous ladies to whom he devotes special attention. In most cases, it will be seen, these Italian reformers aimed merely at a purifying of the Roman Church, and not at a schism or secession to Protestantism. But there were actual martyrs among them—none more valiant than the venerable Paleario—and it was worth while thus to introduce them to American readers. Mr. Hare lays no claim to historical depth; but he is an excellent compiler. Seven portraits illustrate the volume, in which we have noticed various misprints.

In a recent volume entitled "The Historical Christ" (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.), Dr. F. C. Conybeare investigates the views of J. M. Robertson, A. Drews, and W. B. Smith, who, for various reasons, agree in asserting that the man Jesus never lived. Mr. Robertson, who appears to be prejudiced against Christianity, tries to prove his negative by the aid mainly of the once favored, but now discarded, hypothesis of comparative mythology, the solar myth. Dr. Drews, after stating candidly that "the belief in the historical reality of Jesus is the chief obstacle to religious progress," seeks evidence of all sorts to prove that Jesus never lived, leaning heavily on Robertson in matters mythological and philological. Professor Smith seems to have been led to the same conclusion because of difficulties in connection with Paulinism. Discarding, of course, the miraculous, and rejecting as illogical the ecclesiastical doctrine of the God-manhood of Jesus, and yet unable to account for Christianity on the assumption that Jesus was a man, he jumps to the logical conclusion that Jesus was a god or God. This hypothesis, once formed, controls the treatment of the sources. The God Jesus never came into the world, never lived on earth, never said, for example, "Unto you hath been given the mystery of the kingdom of God" or "What I tell you in the darkness, speak ye on the housetops." For the Gospels contain not an historical narrative of the things said and done by Jesus, but symbolical annals of the God Jesus. In order to account for these annals, it would be necessary to assume, even if there were not evidence to prove, the existence of a pre-Christian secret Jewish cult of the God Jesus.

Dr. Conybeare investigates these views. Personally, he dislikes the bishops and other clergy, abhors miracles, and despises Nicene theology; but he is a competent philologist, and that means that he has the historical faculty. Pleading for fair play, he asks only that the writings of early Christianity be treated precisely like other documents; that the argument from silence be cautiously employed, for fear of innocently assuming that "the whole of the ancient literature, Christian and profane, of the epoch lies before us, instead of a scanty débris of it," and that before rejecting passages as interpolations care be taken lest one be fitting facts to theory, not theory to facts. Such is the spirit of the book as expressed in preface and epilogue. In the body of the work, however, where the detailed investigation is carried on, there is page after page of the most relentless criticism. A single passage may be quoted to illustrate the controversial style of the Oxford free-lance:

> Sensible that their hypothesis conflicts with all we know about the Jews of these three centuries [*i. e.*, B. C. 200—A. D. 100], these three authors insist on the esoterism and secrecy of the cryptic society which in Jerusalem harboured the cult. This commonest of literary tricks enables them to evade any awkward questions, and whenever they are challenged to produce some evidence of the existence of such a cult they can answer that, being secret and esoteric, it could leave little or no evidence of itself, and that we must take their *ipse dixit* and renounce all hope of direct and documentary evidence. They ask of us a greater credulity than any Pope of Rome ever demanded.

The few travellers in Paris who visit the "Arènes de Lutèce," just back of the Jardin des Plantes, are surprised to find an almost perfect example of the arena and lower amphitheatre of Roman gladiatorial games. Only one-half of the ellipse is visible, and the rows of stone benches have been restored, following scrupulously the descending lines of steps. The remainder is still covered by the débris of the ages and by buildings which, till lately, were used as stables for Paris omnibus horses. The coming of automobiles has given lovers of Old Paris the opportunity to secure the complete excavation of ruins which served Gallo-Roman amusement when Julian, named Emperor here and Apostate afterwards, held command in his beloved Lutetia. The City of Paris offers 63,620 francs for the work—only a little over $12,700—but the covering débris can be removed easily. The convent of English nuns which existed here till the Revolution was entirely demolished at that time; it dated from the days of Penal Laws in England. The later stables were only temporary constructions. The half already restored is enlivened by other games, played by children of this populous quarter.

"The Summer Paradise in History," by Warwick Stevens Carpenter, is an interesting example of modern railway advertising. The book is issued by the Passenger Department of the Delaware & Hudson Co., as a successor to Phelps's "Literary and Historic Note Book," published by the same company in 1907, and now out of print. Following a brief physiographical and historical sketch of the "Gate of the Country," the book takes up the various places of historical interest along the railway line, including Lake George and Lake Champlain, and gives careful accounts of each. The alphabetical arrangement of topics makes the volume easy to consult, while the absence of time-tables, hotel lists, and all the other customary paraphernalia of advertising literature shows commendable restraint. The presswork is attractive, and the volume is not too large for the pocket.

Under the engaging title "The Age of Erasmus" (Oxford University Press; 6s. net), Mr. P. S. Allen, favorably known for his very careful edition of the Letters of Erasmus now in progress, presents a group of eleven lectures delivered at the Universities of Oxford and London. The plan of these lectures is fairly uniform throughout. In each case it is evident that the author has selected some person or some work of the period as the basis of his discourse, and upon this has strung a series of comments and anecdotes more or less connected with the subject which stands at the head of the lecture. When he has filled the necessary number of pages he stops; but there seems to be no good reason why he might not have gone on indefinitely. The individual lectures have generally a beginning, but no ending, and the same may be said of the book as a whole. It is a collection of scraps often interesting, but often also commonplace. Mr. Allen has a fondness for moralizing and generalizing which leads him into occasional stretches of downright dulness. His anecdotes are often trivial without enlightenment on the main subject in hand. The chapter on Force and Fraud is introduced by an eloquent comparison of the Middle Ages with the sixteenth century,

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in which the former are represented as a time of "bestial cruelty and reckless ignorance," while the latter is described as an age when men escaped from the "thraldom of terror . . . into light, air, freedom, activity, etc." Then follow illustrations of the brutality of the sixteenth century calculated to chill the blood of the most indifferent. The sequence is not clear. In brief, we feel that Mr. Allen's undoubted knowledge in the field of sixteenth-century culture has been misapplied in this effort to popularize it. What we should greatly like to see would be a serious attempt on his part to present the same subject in good literary form and on a scale commensurate with its interest and importance. When he does this we trust that he will not allow his proofreaders to display such stolid indifference to German orthography as to pass "Lubeck," "Osnabruck," "Munster," and "Maine" (for the river Main).

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

In England, as presumably in the other countries involved, the war has killed the publishing business. Even atlases, war books, and histories have only a small circulation compared with the amount of general reading that has been dropped. The study of the great Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars has been commended to English readers as suitable to the occasion, but a correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* pronounces this the worst possible prescription. "I happened accidentally to be reading about them," he says, "when this war came upon us and spoilt that reading promptly. The sympathies are all wrong; you have the wrong allies, wrong enemy, wrong everything."

As for the literary men whose occupation has been broken in upon by the war, the more facile of them are finding immediate opportunities in journalism. Only a few months ago H. G. Wells issued a book which poured scorn upon the inefficiency of his compatriots. Their army, their navy, their civil service—the administration of it all was hopelessly incompetent. Unchecked by the practical refutation of his criticisms, Mr. Wells has now applied himself with equal confidence to the task of redrawing the map of Europe as it will have to be after the war. As two or three newspaper articles have sufficed for the exposition of his scheme, one wonders what problems will engage his attention next.

The war has revolutionized the programmes of Sir Henry Wood's promenade concerts in the Queen's Hall, London, this autumn. Each concert is to open with the National Anthem and close with the Marseillaise. The usual practice of making every Monday a Wagner night has been discontinued, and compositions of Russian, French, and English origin have been substituted. It is announced that, in consideration of "the patriotic feelings of the enormous audience," all works by living German, Austrian, or Hungarian composers are to be banned during the present season.

Two leading Flemish prose writers, Frank Lateur, better known by his nom de plume Stijn Streuvels, and Herman Teirlinck, have been active during the first fortnight of the German invasion as war correspondents for Dutch and Flemish papers. But for reasons of secrecy, which every one will appreciate, strict orders from the military headquarters in Brussels have now practically excluded the war correspondent from the field of action. This was a serious disappointment, especially to Stijn Streuvels, who had already planned a great novel on the war. But he was not to be thwarted. He has simply enlisted and gone to the front as a volunteer, if we may trust reports concerning him that have reached the Dutch papers. Stijn Streuvels is a nephew of that great lyrical poet, Guido Gezelle, Flanders's most musical singer of nature. The novelist, Herman Teirlinck, is also said to have joined the army, now that his work as a war correspondent has practically come to an end, and Maurice Maeterlinck may have taken a similar step by the time this note reaches the *Nation*. The *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* was allowed to publish a letter which he wrote to his friend, Mr. Gerard Harry, a Brussels journalist:

My dear friend: I wonder whether this note will ever reach you. I should like to have gone to Belgium to offer my services to the War Office. In spite of my fifty-two years I could make myself useful as a civic guard. But the sudden mobilization of the French army has surprised me and prevented me from travelling. I am not yet sure when I shall see my way to depart. If I cannot get away, I shall have my name put on the lists of the Belgian volunteer corps, as fight one must at all costs against the enemy of the human race, the terror of the world. Do you think they will take me? In the meantime I am helping here in bringing the harvest home. Only women and children are left in this place. The heroic march of France to the front is the most splendid sight ever seen. Yours, etc.

Science

WHAT IS SCIENCE?

Problems of Science. By Federigo Enriques. Translated by Katharine Royce. With an Introductory Note by Josiah Royce. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. $2.50.

In his Introductory Note Professor Royce assigns the work before us to the field of "scientific methodology." "Methodology," however, though conventionally correct, is hardly enough to remind us that the subject involves the deepest issues of logic and metaphysics. There is no question of profounder significance for philosophy to-day than the question, What is science? Remembering that professional science and the scientific movement are distinctively modern, one might suppose that science is simply the latest, and by no means the last, term in a continuous evolution of human thought and culture. But the average man of science would tell us that science stands for the first direct contact, which is also, as far as it goes, a final contact, with an independent and non-human reality in the form of "facts." Yet at the same time science makes use of theories and hypotheses, and the process of constructing an hypothesis bears a suspicious resemblance to what in the field of literature we call "a work of the imagination." What, then, is the relation of hypothesis and fact? Do the facts of science shape the hypotheses, or do the hypotheses shape the facts? Or may both be true—and how?

Discussion of the question has brought out in recent years (since Mill's "Logic" and Jevons and Clifford) a fairly sizable literature of "methodology," to which the chief contributors have been men of science, like Mach, Karl Pearson, Ostwald, and the late Henri Poincaré. The philosophical critic is apt to feel that these contributions from science show an imperfect grasp of the question at issue, in particular a failure to realize how profoundly, and how long ago, the question was stated for philosophy by Kant in his "Critique of Pure Reason," which is really from first to last a critique of science. On the other hand, the student of philosophy who attempts a criticism of science is hampered by a lack of intimate and first-hand knowledge, especially in the difficult fields of mathematics and mechanics.

The work before us is perhaps the most considerable contribution to the discussion since Mill. It shows some of the critical limitations of the scientific view, chiefly in the assumption that nature, or "experience," passes out to us a set of ready-made facts—as if the genesis and logical status of a "fact" were not the whole matter at issue. Besides this traditional empiricism there is also a strain of unconscious pragmatism, shown in the tendency to treat scientific theories merely as instruments of discovery, which is interesting, as Royce remarks, because the first Italian edition of the book (1906) antedates most of the recent discussion of that subject. On the other hand, the interdependence of knowledge and will, which lies at the base of pragmatism, is flatly rejected. Thus the total outcome of the theory is rather uncertain. Nor does the treatment properly cover the whole of science. Most of the book is occupied with mathematics and mechanics. Biology and the social sciences (so called) receive less than twenty pages at the end, where the mechanical theory is reconciled with a (pseudo) teleology and with a (pseudo) free will, while at the same time it is shown that in these fields the mechanical postulates have no "scientific value"—that is, they lead to no discoveries. Apart from the difficulties inherent in the subject, the author's style, his disconnected paragraphs (reminding one somewhat of a syllabus), his abrupt transitions, his too confident assumption of detailed knowledge on the part of his reader, not to speak of a certain trace of the mathematician's lingo, to be expected doubtless from a descriptive geometer, all combine to make the work difficult reading. Mrs. Royce appears to have performed her rather severe task with patient accuracy—for no art of translation could impart fluency. There are a few typographical errors, increasing towards the end, and at least one passage that is unintelligible (p. 385), but there is no evidence anywhere of seeking refuge in obscurity.

Yet the reader who persists will be rewarded with the gradual attainment of a synthesis of conceptions which is impressive both for comprehensiveness and for fineness

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of elaboration, a synthesis not less impressive because at many points defective. Perhaps, indeed, the author is not committed to completeness. What he seeks to demonstrate is an ascending development of scientific conceptions from the elementary postulates of geometry, through mechanics, dynamics, physics, and chemistry, pointing, at least, in the direction of the sciences of life—a development which is at the same time a process of addition. Looking at the series of conceptions from the lower end, we might say that all science is but the logical elaboration of the postulates of mathematics, and in particular of geometry, yet not of "pure" mathematics. For, strictly speaking, there is no pure mathematics. The postulates of mathematics are simply the most elementary summations of sense-experience, made unconsciously in the pre-critical stages of thought, and thus invested with the appearance of self-evidence. Mathematics is thus the beginning of science and the oldest of sciences, just as the sciences of life are the newest. As we pass from science to science—for example, from geometry to Newtonian mechanics—new postulates are added, which are similarly derived from experience. This process of addition is called "association." But at the same time, in a process of "abstraction," the new and the old postulates become organically related in a more comprehensive conception. And—what is remarkable—it seems that the new postulates, or assumptions, do not merely modify and correct the old, but furnish a kind of welcome extension and clarification of a meaning which now appears to have been foreshadowed in the older postulates themselves, yet not discoverable except through new experience. Thus the modern geometry has shown, and must have shown to Euclid, that the Euclidean geometry is not, as we had supposed, once for all complete and independent of correction by experience; and the postulates developed in the modern theories of electricity and thermo-dynamics, and in the theory of relativity, call for corrections in the Newtonian mechanics which Newton himself must now concede to be necessary, or at least permissible.

Yet perhaps the synthesis is not quite so sweetly harmonious as just painted. For from the very beginning, in the formation of our conception of space, we are confronted by a dualism between the material supplied by the sense of sight and the material drawn from sensations of touch and movement. Our conception of space is a synthesis of these apparently disparate sensations, and the postulates of geometry, which define the characters of space, are derived partly from one sense, partly from the other, as Enriques undertakes to show in distributive detail. This duality persists through all the later developments of science and forms the dividing line for a whole group of contrasts, the type of which is the contrast between the mechanics of Descartes and of Newton, the mechanics of pure space and the mechanics of "force." It will be remembered that Descartes attempted to resolve force into change of place; and according to Enriques, it is the Cartesian, or visual, motive which usually underlies an insistence upon a "mechanical" explanation. Again, the Cartesian prefers to explain by models, while the Newtonian is satisfied with equations; the Cartesian tendency represents "association," the Newtonian "abstraction"; and the Cartesian stands for the internal development, or organization, of science, the Newtonian for its external development, or extension. The final meaning of the distinction is left far from clear, but in general we may say that the Cartesian is the lover of clear ideas, while the Newtonian is eager for discovery. Or, we might add, the Cartesian is an intellectualist, or rationalist, the Newtonian a pragmatist.

It is to be regretted that this suggestive analysis of scientific conceptions into their sensuous sources is not carried further. The comparative significance of the senses is an unwritten chapter both in psychology and in logic. Enriques is doubtless justified in suggesting that "intellectualism" is connected with a partiality for vision. A comparison of our intellectual with our æsthetic vocabulary points to this; and it is probably the purely passive quality of visual images, when dissociated from muscular feelings, that furnishes the motive for pragmatic objections. Cartesianism, again, is only the most deliberate expression of the oft-noted French "lucidity." But it still remains to ask whether vision, as the most developed of human senses, has not a superior cognitive authority. On the other hand, present science is content with a synthesis of vision with touch and movement, which, as Enriques notes, does not exhaust our knowledge of the object. The vibrations of a cord we treat as the exclusive reality, the sound as an extraneous addition. For a science which purports only to give a true account of experience such considerations should be highly instructive, but what would be the consequence of a larger synthesis Enriques does not pause to ask. Evidently nothing less than a complete renovation of the principles of science.

Thus it appears that the ancient conflict between reason and experience, the Aristotelian conflict between form and matter, the Kantian conflict between *a priori* conceptions and *a posteriori* perceptions of fact, are all resolved into the difficulty of uniting our visual experience with the experience obtained from the other senses. By this resolution Enriques conceives the problem to be solved. As for Kant's problem, how theories evolved by us could be afterwards verified by facts—how, in short, we are able to make true predictions—this he attributes to the darkness preceding the era of evolution, when all distinctions were hard and fast. In point of fact, no calculations are verified exactly, but they are verified ever more approximately and comprehensively. "And thus the positive theory of knowledge reconciles strife by a more lofty view of scientific progress."

"A more lofty view," we venture to suggest, which dismisses the problem. One is tempted here to repeat James's witticism about the servant in "Midshipman Easy" who excused her illegitimate child on the ground that he was "such a very little one." Enriques seems to think that, while an exact anticipation of facts by theories would be a ground for wonder, an approximate anticipation is perfectly simple, whereas the fact of prevision, if it be more than hit or miss, is as much of a miracle in one case as in the other. Nor less of a miracle when touch experience is foretold on the basis of vision. Indeed, one of the results of Enriques's analysis is to make us wonder how this synthesis happens to be accomplished, and how far each of the parties to the synthesis is really satisfied.

Following the tradition of empiricism, Enriques assumes complacently that prevision is fully accounted for by similar experience in the past. But Hume (whom his extensive learning seems to have omitted) could have told him that no amount of previous experience, regarded simply as an accumulation of facts, would furnish the slightest *ground* for any prediction whatever; and Kant, startled and convinced by Hume, could then explain the success of scientific prevision only on the ground that the whole system of scientific theories is a reflection of the human mind, and therefore (as a pragmatist would say) in some fashion subject to our control. And this human element, as even Kant began to show, is involved, not merely in the prediction, but in the perception of the basic fact. Even so hard and commonplace a fact as a chair or a table is not merely given, but formed. The possibility that science is the reflection of a human point of view and one of the expressions of human culture, Enriques will not even pause to consider. And yet it is the seemingly unavoidable presence of the human element that sets the problem for science. Except as we have a voice in determining the conditions of verification and the constitution of a fact, how can we venture to predict? But if we have the sole voice how will a system of scientific facts differ from a work of the imagination?

Coming from the study of a Psychotherapeutic Institute, and from the pen of the author of a number of serious works on psychopathological and psychological subjects, Boris Sidis's "The Psychology of Laughter" (Appelton; $2 net) leads the reader to look for something of a contribution to the subject treated. He will, however, find himself disappointed; for the writer makes no advance beyond the well-known positions of Darwin, Spencer, and Bain; and, apart from some cogent criticism of Bergson's discussion of laughter (p. 149 ff), deals with no new conceptions. The book, in fact, proves to be little more than a source-book of jokes, witticisms, and examples of humor and of the ludicrous, not always judiciously selected, but arranged to illustrate the positions gained by the author, mainly from the writers above referred to.

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Drama

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

A Discourse on Comedy, The Recruiting Officer, and The Beaux Stratagem. By George Farquhar. Edited by Louis A. Strauss. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 60 cents.

This volume is scholarly, convenient, and compact; it appeals to that growing class of readers who like texts as they were originally worded and spelled, but not—except for mere pride of ownership—as they were originally bound and printed. The editorship of Mr. Strauss, who works in the "Dramatic Section" of this series under the general supervision of Prof. George P. Baker, is thorough, vigorous, and usually competent. The introduction reveals a thoughtful and fertile mind, and its English possesses a certain eloquence in spite of, or in virtue of, its academic rotundity.

Mr. Strauss could hardly evade, and has no wish to evade, the vexed question of the morality of the Restoration comedy. In the endeavor to steer a middle course between Lamb and Macaulay, he is embarrassed by his simultaneous acceptance of three warring opinions—that good art must be morally sound, that Restoration comedy is good art, and that Restoration comedy is morally unsound. The resourcefulness of Mr. Strauss is equal to this perplexing trilemma. The morality of Restoration comedy, he thinks, is both sound and unsound—unsound because it reflects faithfully the manners of a depraved age; sound because, in the very faithfulness of that reflection, it is morally enlightening to those who watch institutions and ideals from the far perspective of history.

In one sense—whether it is Mr. Strauss's precise sense or not we hesitate to affirm—the proposition that this famous comedy was noxious in its own time and place, and has since become harmless or helpful—is entirely defensible. The union of charm and evil which makes vice maleficent may be dissolved in the course of time by the mere passing of the charm. So the courtesan who was demoralizing at fifteen may become at fifty-five an edifying example without the slightest improvement in her essential morality. The Restoration comedy is such a courtesan.

Mr. Strauss's discussion of the period, which is too complex to epitomize, is interesting and suggestive throughout. His acumen sometimes ravels out into subtlety, and elsewhere, as in his curt dictum that "comedy of manners is necessarily immoral," his generalizing is precipitate. In the able review of Farquhar himself, he shows a fondness for discrimination that is somewhat obstructed by a fondness for Farquhar. We should say that Mr. Strauss is quite sound in his high praise of the wit and springiness of Farquhar's dialogue, that he is too respectful to his characterization and too indulgent to his scatterbrained plots. As to morals, Mr. Strauss strikes us as uneven; Rochester or Buckingham would have been content with his leniency to the fast and flashy "Recruiting Officer," while he condemns the bedroom scene in "The Beaux Stratagem" with an emphasis strong enough for Bunyan or Collier.

Of the Farquhar reprints, only the briefest mention is permissible or necessary. The "Discourse upon Comedy," which Mr. Strauss appraises very justly, is worse written than the plays, but is, like them, clever and careless in composition, with good sense enough to float its nonsense, and showing in the tone a not unattractive mixture of bumptiousness and humility, of *bon enfant* and *enfant terrible*. "The Recruiting Officer," admired by Mr. Strauss, seems to us, after homage is duly rendered to its robust and sparkling English, little better than a tray or counter for the exposure of lewd anecdotes and silly tricks. "The Beaux Stratagem," equally good in dialogue, is better plotted and better charactered, but is, after all, a loose and light affair, a whisky-and-soda with more soda than whisky. Mr. Strauss finds in these two plays an improvement on Farquhar's earlier styles, and an anticipation of the eclecticism of later comedy.

The agitator, Emma Goldman, composedly glances at some plays through red spectacles in "The Social Significance of the Modern Drama" (Boston: Richard G. Badger; $1 net). In little over three hundred pages she summarizes thirty-two plays of nineteen separate authors in six different countries. The comfort of wearing red spectacles to survey the drama from Ireland to Russia is that one sees exactly what one looks for. One can find the revolutionary spirit not only in "King Hunger" of Andréev and "Justice" of Galsworthy, but even in Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell" and Rostand's "Chanticleer." The author, innocent of anywhere attempting an analysis of the social philosophy of the different dramatists, states the alleged meaning of each play in a few cursory remarks. Her time is thus left free to rehearse the plots in the facile manner of a lecturer to uncritical audiences. Of "Pillars of Society" she declares: *"Consul Bernick . . .* sells his love for *Lona Hessel* in return for the large dowry of her step-sister *Betty*, whom he does not love. To forget his treachery he enters into a clandestine relationship with an actress of the town." Now a pause would have brought to mind, besides minor matters, that first soul-searching conversation between Lona and Bernick, where the "clandestine relationship" is seen to have been a mere youthful escapade begun before Betty had returned home, even before Bernick had learned of her inheritance, and, what is more important, that Bernick was too cool in his calculations to seek forgetfulness in any such manner. A little reflection, too, would have sufficed to avoid such pell-mell passages in the style as: "Patching up or reforming one sore spot merely drives the social poison deeper into the system." To the uninformed the tales interpreting events, characters, and purposes in this headlong manner may be very interesting, but how are they going to induce even the uninformed to wear the red spectacles of the revolutionist?

Music

AMERICAN OPERA IN PARIS.

PARIS, July 30.

Natural curiosity has been excited by the Wagnerian representations given in Paris last spring by an American opera company. The German text was sung, whereas the Paris Opéra was giving at the same time "Parsifal" in French, according to its rule as a National Academy of Music. What was the real musical success of the American company? A judicial and not unsympathetic appreciation has been published by M. Gabriel Fauré, director of the French National Conservatory of Music, whose graduates have so long furnished the majority of French composers and singers and musicians of name:

The success of these representations organized by the Boston Opera Company was considerable. Yet all was not perfect, and the value of the interpretation varied, not only from "Tristan" to the "Meistersinger" and "Parsifal," but also among the different elements of each work. Sometimes it was the orchestral direction; sometimes the orchestra itself showed hasty and incomplete preparation; the chorus, which was oftenest so excellent that it made us regret we have not its like in Paris, sometimes lacked cohesion, decision, and exactness; and, while the decoration, costumes, and scene-setting of "Tristan" and the "Meistersinger" showed true art in exactness, color, and movement, that of "Parsifal" put our taste to a rude test. On the other hand, interpreters of incontestable talent, but different origin, seeming to have been brought together by chance, did not suffice to give such representations the necessary character of unity.

This inevitable lack of unity, with the reproach that a somewhat mechanical exactness is not accompanied by a corresponding expression of feeling in voice and acting, may be taken as summing up the European criticism of American execution of operatic music. On the latter point, M. Fauré does not touch; but he goes on to some very instructive considerations on equally inevitable national differences in the execution of all music, particularly that of Wagner:

Between the German and the French interpretation of the Wagnerian drama, an ethnical question rises from the start, and singularly aggravates the difficulty—I would almost say the impossibility—of translating exactly into French that which has been thought and written in German, if you take account of the connection which is closer here than ever before between thought and words and music. . . . To judge this, we have first to acknowledge—and it is not altogether easy—that in this drama the music only participates; . . . that Wagner is first of all a dramatic poet, and undertakes music only as he judges it necessary to the complete expression of his thought; . . . that the artist who has brought music to such a height and so widened its domain became a musician only by way of "consequence." And we must also remember that Wagner wished to create a "German" art.

This German art Wagner built up by

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dramas and the subjects and ideas which he treated in them, and by the developments which he gave them, much more than by his music, which, born as it is of the poem, and, in the poem, of the thought and words, still speaks a universal language. But it is precisely this association, this servitude of the music to the poetic text—not to speak of the special difficulties and obscurities found sometimes in the text—which defy all rigorously exact translation. Otherwise, to avoid destroying the sense of a musical phrase or the value of accent, which is always important, we must be resigned to contortions in our beautiful clear language. . . . Moreover, we cannot forget that German artists have this natural advantage, that the fabulous or historic heroes whom Wagner sets moving in his dramas have peopled their imagination from childhood. When they have to express the feelings with which Wagner animated such heroes, they express what they understand with a German soul and heart. . . .

It has often been said—particularly, in the days of Wagnerian fanaticism—that too developed vocal qualities injured the interpretation of Wagner's personages—and that even an approximate declamation in connection with the melodic line was preferable. Luckily, this opinion has been changed. To declaim such rôles is well; to declaim them and sing them at the same time, to sing with fine voices and exactness and expression, is far better. And these conditions we are sure to find at home, at least, as well as in Germany. S. D.

Edgar Stillman Kelley was to have conducted, at the recent MacDowell Festival in Peterboro, the movement from his "New England Symphony," in which he uses as motives diverse American bird songs. He was not able, however, to do so, the war having detained him in Germany. As Mr. Kelley had the manuscript of his symphony with him, it was necessary to omit the "Birds" movement from the Peterboro programme.

New Orleans will have a season of opera in French, beginning on November 12. It will comprise forty subscription performances. Among the operas to be sung are "Manon," "Carmen," "Thaïs," "Faust," "Herodiade," "Sigurd," and "Louise"—seven French operas, three of which are by Massenet; Wagner's "Lohengrin," and nine Italian operas: "Aïda," "Rigoletto," "Lucia," "Cavalleria," "Pagliacci," "Trovatore," "Butterfly," "Tosca," and "La Bohême."

St. Paul and Minneapolis, the "Twin Cities of the West," are so close together—their centres being only ten miles apart—that it has always seemed needlessly extravagant for each of them to have its own orchestra. It is now announced that the St. Paul Orchestra has been disbanded, as the annual deficit (about $50,000) exceeds by $10,000 the largest guarantee fund it has been found possible to raise. It may be assumed that the excellent Minneapolis Orchestra will now supply the music lovers of the neighboring town with an annual series of concerts.

Germany alone, of all leading countries, was not represented officially at the recent meeting in Paris of the International Musical Society; but there were delegates from Bavaria and Baden. The proceedings and concerts were mostly concerned with French music of the last three centuries.

One of the most prominent of English suffragettes, Dr. Ethel Smyth, has private reasons for deploring the hostilities between England and Germany. Her opera, "The Wreckers," had been accepted for production at the Munich Royal Theatre next February. It was performed at Leipzig several years ago. Dr. Smyth is also engaged on a new comic opera which was to have been produced at [illegible]furt in March. It is not yet orchestrated.

Art

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN SPAIN.

Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain. By George Edmund Street. Edited by Georgiana Goddard King. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. In two volumes. Illustrated. $2 net.

George Edmund Street was one of the last, and one of the most scholarly, among the leaders of the Victorian Gothic movement in England. He died thirty-three years ago, and the first edition of his "Gothic Architecture in Spain" had appeared some thirty years earlier. It took its place at once as a standard work on the subject; and nothing has since appeared to challenge its long-established title to popular favor. This fact is the more remarkable when we consider the changes that English taste has undergone and the enormous volume of architectural literature that has been published since 1860. Miss King has done well to edit a reprinting of Mr. Street's work, and the publishers to produce it in two attractive volumes at a popular price.

The work is reprinted with the original woodcuts and plates, which have suffered somewhat from process-reduction and the wear of long service on the old blocks. The editor's work is confined to notes at the end of each chapter, in which she records the changes that time has brought about since Mr. Street wrote, having herself faithfully visited nearly every building he has described. For the tourist it would have been an advantage if the corrections had been brought into nearer relation to the corrected text; but the notes are for the most part excellent, revealing a particular interest in the paintings of the French and Spanish Primitives in the various churches.

It is hardly necessary to review in any detail the general substance of so old and well-known a book. Mr. Street's critical taste was generally excellent, and it is remarkable to how slight a degree the broader views of our day challenge the estimates he has recorded. It is well he confined himself to the Gothic architecture of Spain, for he shared the current "Gothic" dislike of his time for Renaissance art in general, and could see no charm in the picturesque products of the Plateresque style which architects to-day find so interesting and instructive.

We have received from Rudolph Lepke's Kunstauctions-Haus, Berlin, the handsome illustrated sale catalogue of the Baron Oppenheim Collection. For years this collection, which was generously accessible at Cologne, has been famous. The sale of the Italian potteries only enhanced the coherence of the display. We have in the second volume of this fully illustrated folio catalogue an extraordinary series of fine examples of old Rhenish stoneware, Siegen, Frechen, and Raeren. These massive and highly decorative pieces are still often called from the region where many were found *Grès flamand.* The Oppenheim examples, some hundred in all, are famous for size and quality. Many have been reproduced by Molinier, Solon, and other authorities. Besides the stoneware, the section of industrial art includes painted glass—especially a fine Rhenish series of the fourteenth century—some Renaissance statues and wood carvings, a few miniatures, and porcelain figurines. The first volume is devoted to the paintings, of which there are forty-four, nearly all of the Northern schools. The finest, possibly, is a delightful interior by De Hooch signed and dated 1658, but a Terborch presses it close, and so does a family group by Gonzales Coques, while admirable sketches by Hals (two), Rubens, and Rembrandt are noteworthy items. Tenier, Keyser, De Heem, Verspronck, Ambrosius Benson, Matsys are well represented. There is a splendid Hobbema, and a Kessel which is quite the equal of a Ruysdael, who, however, is also represented by a routine example. Of high historic interest is the signed Legend of St. Eligius by Petrus Christus. With the single exception of Velasquez, the attributions seem trustworthy. Everything considered, it is a fine lot of little Dutch masters. The auction is set for the 27th of October and following days.

Finance

THE GERMAN VICTORIES AND THE MARKETS.

The series of notable victories over the French by the invading German armies, the fall of the Namur forts, the advance of the Germans from Belgium into France, their capture of several French towns, and their concerted movement towards Paris, have had a somewhat curious effect on financial sentiment in this neutral market. When similar Prussian victories were won, in July and August, 1870, neutral markets responded with a show of cheerfulness. When the French were beaten at Gravelotte and Marshal Bazaine surrounded, prices rose on the London Stock Exchange and the English bank rate was reduced. The surrender of the French Emperor and his army at Sedan, on September 2, sent British consols up, and, in the words of a contemporary reviewer, "influenced favorably the market for foreign securities," caused a 6-cents-per-bushel break in wheat, and in the Lancashire cotton trade brought about "a large business at advancing prices."

Neither Stock Exchange nor cotton market was open, to reflect the feeling of finance and trade as to the past week's German victories. But the one great speculative market which was doing business—that for wheat—rose wildly, and the motive was clearly expectation of a long and destructive war, which would sustain the high existing

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prices. In all New York financial circles, meantime, a feeling of discouragement prevailed because of the nearly unanimous inference that the German successes meant a longer conflict than had originally been expected. The presumption seemed on every hand to be that a desperate resistance, and perhaps a military stalemate, considerably prolonged, would be the outcome.

It will be perceived that the inference drawn from the German advance—this week, at any rate—was exactly opposite to the inference which the markets drew in 1870. Each sweeping Prussian victory, on that occasion, was instantly interpreted as bringing nearer than had been expected the inevitable end, as shortening the war, and therefore as giving ground for reviving financial confidence.

To explain the totally different point of view in 1914, one must turn to the contrasts between now and 1870 in the European political situation; to the far greater number of governments engaged; to the fact that three or four important land campaigns are now in progress—not all to the disadvantage of the Allies—as against only one in 1870, and to the presumably much greater staying powers of Germany's antagonists, this year, with England holding the seas and the German and Austrian ports blockaded. It is doubtless possible that the further progress of events may modify or alter this present point of view. Nevertheless, the feeling prevalent, last week and this, makes necessary some sober consideration of what a really protracted war would mean to finance and industry.

That it would mean continued derangement of international finance, goes without saying. This would be true, not only because of the consequent longer embargo on international exchange and the longer extension of the European moratoriums, but because of the prodigious drain on Europe's capital. The war, including mobilization, has lasted nearly five weeks. If the expert estimates of cost are anywhere near correct, a total expenditure of nearly one billion dollars must have been involved already; for the figures on average daily cost, with five great nations in the field, have ranged between $25,000,000 and $50,000,000. In any case—even if the war were to end next week—investment capital would command a higher price as a result of it, and continuance of fighting, through a long series of months, would greatly aggravate that part of the situation.

It would also, presumably, keep up relatively high prices for a market such as wheat—especially if next year's European planting were to be interfered with. Precisely what it would mean to this country's other industries, is less certain. A short but very violent conflict of this sort has usually meant that business of neutral states was seriously dislocated, without having a chance for readjustment to new conditions. If, as in the Franco-Prussian War, hostilities begun in midsummer were virtually to end in September or October, there would certainly be little opportunity either for establishment of new American shipping interests, or for entry in a comprehensive way into other neutral markets, hitherto supplied by Continental Europe, or for the founding of manufactories to replace all the raw materials for which we have been depending on the belligerent states.

Indication of a long war would undoubtedly, to a large extent, alter that aspect of the situation. It would also (as was our case in the Napoleonic conflict) lead our merchants, traders, and manufacturers to adapt their whole machinery of business to the altered relations of producer and consumer. Such positive advantages as the United States enjoys from its neutrality, its commercial and industrial vigor, and its enormous production of materials which the European world must have, it would to that extent enjoy on an even larger scale with the war continued.

But this, necessarily, is only one side of the matter. The machinery of trade, finance, and commerce is so wholly different an affair from that of the prolonged European fighting in the Napoleonic period, that deduction from our trade expansion in that period is not safe to draw offhand. Nothing is more perplexing, in any conjectural glance ahead at the possible situation in a protracted war, than the question, how our own financial affairs would be affected, if the United States were to be cut off for an undefined period from access to European reserves of capital. Financial results of the European war to date have abundantly fulfilled the prediction made by experienced financiers, whenever a "general war" was talked about in the quarter-century past—that modern civilization would be trying a wholly new experiment and establishing wholly new precedents.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Billings, M. H. An Egyptian Love Spell. Central Publishing Co. 50 cents net.
Bordeaux, H. The House. Duffield. $1.35 net.
Cribb, W. L. Greylake of Mallerby. Holt. $1.35 net.
Dawson, C. The Raft. Holt. $1.35 net.
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Purdon, K. F. The Folk of Furry Farm. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Tallentyre, S. G. Matthew Hargraves. Putnam. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Addison & Steele. The Tatler and The Spectator. Edited by H. V. Abbott. Scott, Foresman.
Arnold, Matthew. Essays. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Clark, A. C. Recent Developments in Textual Criticism. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
Kelley, W. V. A Pilgrim of the Infinite. Methodist Book Co. 50 cents net.
Little, A. G. Roger Bacon Essays. Oxford University Press. 16s. net.
Murray, J. A. H. English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Vol. X. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.
Neilson, W. A. Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. Scott, Foresman.
Seton, E. T. The Trail of the Sandhill Stag. Scribners. $1 net.
Sheldon, H. C. A Fourfold Test of Mormonism. Abingdon Press. 50 cents net.
Synon, Mary. The Fleet Goes By. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Thomson, J. A. K. Studies in the Odyssey. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.
Walker, Alice J. Little Plays from American History for Young Folks. Holt. $1 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Burkitt, F. C. Jewish and Christian Apocalypses. Oxford University Press. 3s. net.
Ferrero, G. Between the Old World and the New. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Garvie, A. E. The Joy of Finding. Scribner. 60 cents net.
Jevons, F. B. Philosophy: What is It? Putnam. $1 net.
Mains, G. P. Christianity and the New Age. Methodist Book Concern. $1.50 net.
Page, T. N. The Stranger's Pew. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Thomas, W. H. G. The Prayers of St. Paul. Scribner. 60 cents net.
Wilson, Rev. Henry B. The Revival of the Gift of Healing. London: A. R. Mowbray & Co. 50 cents.
Zenos, A. C. The Son of Man. Scribner. 60 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Administration of Labor Laws and Factory Inspection in Certain European Countries. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Atkinson, C. M. Bentham's Theory of Legislation. Oxford University Press. Vol. I. 4s. net.
Atkinson, C. M. Bentham's Theory of Legislation. Oxford University Press. Vol. II. 4s. 6d. net.
Gide, Charles. Political Economy. Heath & Co. $3 net.
Graves, Dr. A. K. The Secrets of the German War Office. McBride, Nast & Co.
Joseph, S. Jewish Immigration to the United States. Vol. LIX. Longmans, Green & Co.
Kirkaldy, A. W. British Shipping. Dutton. $2 net.
Perris, G. H. The Industrial History of Modern England. Holt. $2 net.
Taussig, F. W. Abraham Lincoln on the Tariff. Harvard University Press.
Whelpley, J. D. American Public Opinion. Dutton. $2.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Andrews, C. M. Guide to the Materials for American History to 1783, in the Public Record Office of Great Britain. Vol. II. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Firth, C. H. Study of Modern History in Great Britain. Oxford University Press. 6d. net.
Jaques, E. T. Charles Dickens in Chancery. Longmans, Green & Co. 40 cents net.
Joyce, T. A. Mexican Archæology. Putnam. $4 net.
Oxford Survey of the British Empire: General Survey. America. Asia. Africa. Australia. The British Isles. Oxford University Press. 14s. net each.
Smith, V. A. Early History of India. Oxford University Press. 14s. net.

POETRY.

Golden, Peter. Ballads of Rebellion. Privately printed.
McFarland, J. T. Poems. Methodist Book Concern. 75 cents net.
Moore, T. S. The Sea is Kind. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

SCIENCE.

Harris, William J. Central Electric Light and Power Stations. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Howard, J. B. American System of Shorthand. Cincinnati: Phonographic Institute Co.
James, W. Habit. Holt. 50 cents net.
Lehmer, D. N. List of Prime Numbers. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Smith, Erwin F. Bacteria in Relation to Plant Diseases. Vol. III. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Thomson, J. J. The Atomic Theory. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

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Thompson, S. P. The Rose of the Winds. Oxford University Press. 4s. net.
Townsend, L. T. The Stars Not Inhabitated. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Withers, H. Poverty and Waste. Dutton. $1.25 net.

ART.

Architectural Quarterly of Harvard University. Vols. II and III. Harvard University Press.
Gautier. The Meaning of Art. Translated by Baldwin. Lippincott.

TEXTBOOKS.

Auzas, A. Les Poètes Français du XIXe Siècle. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.
Mair, G. H. Modern English Literature. Holt. $2 net.

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